



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
14425

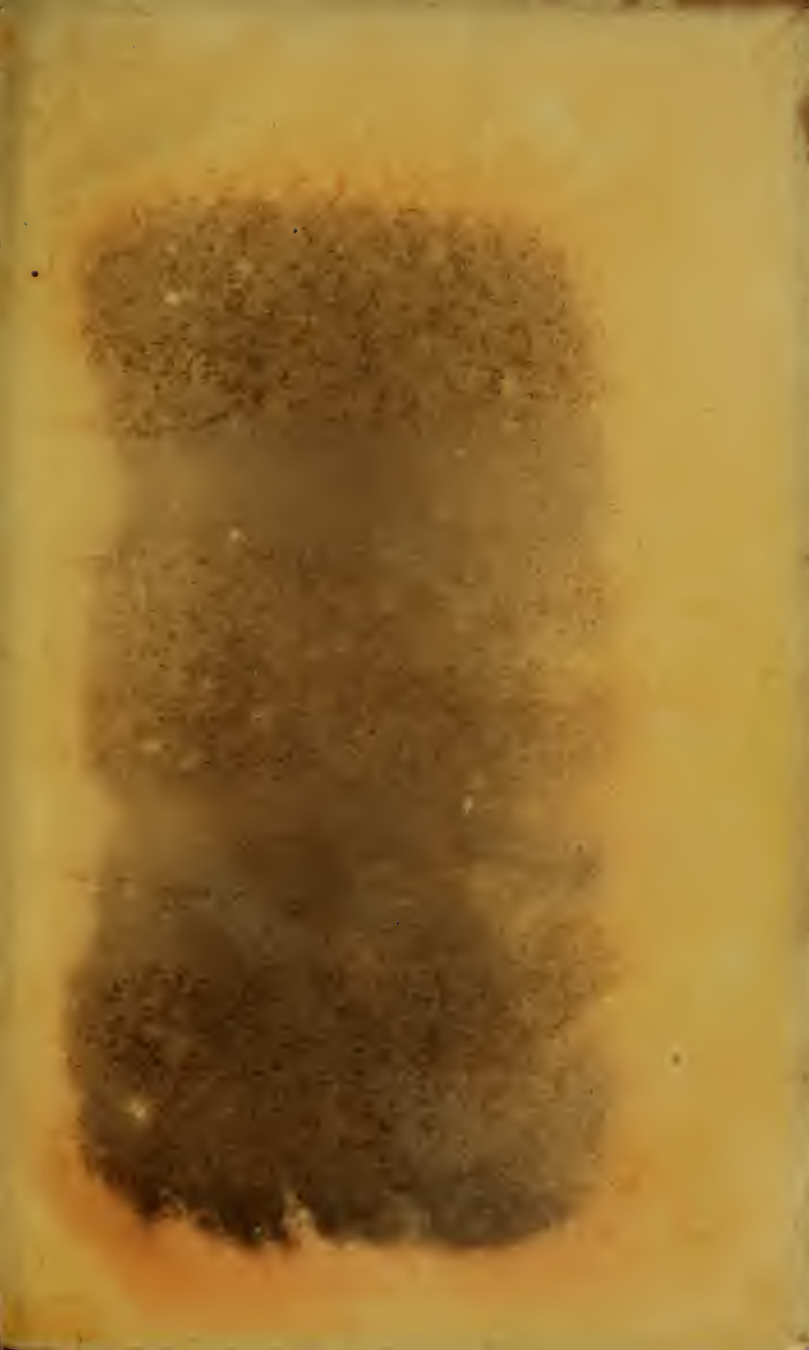
Division

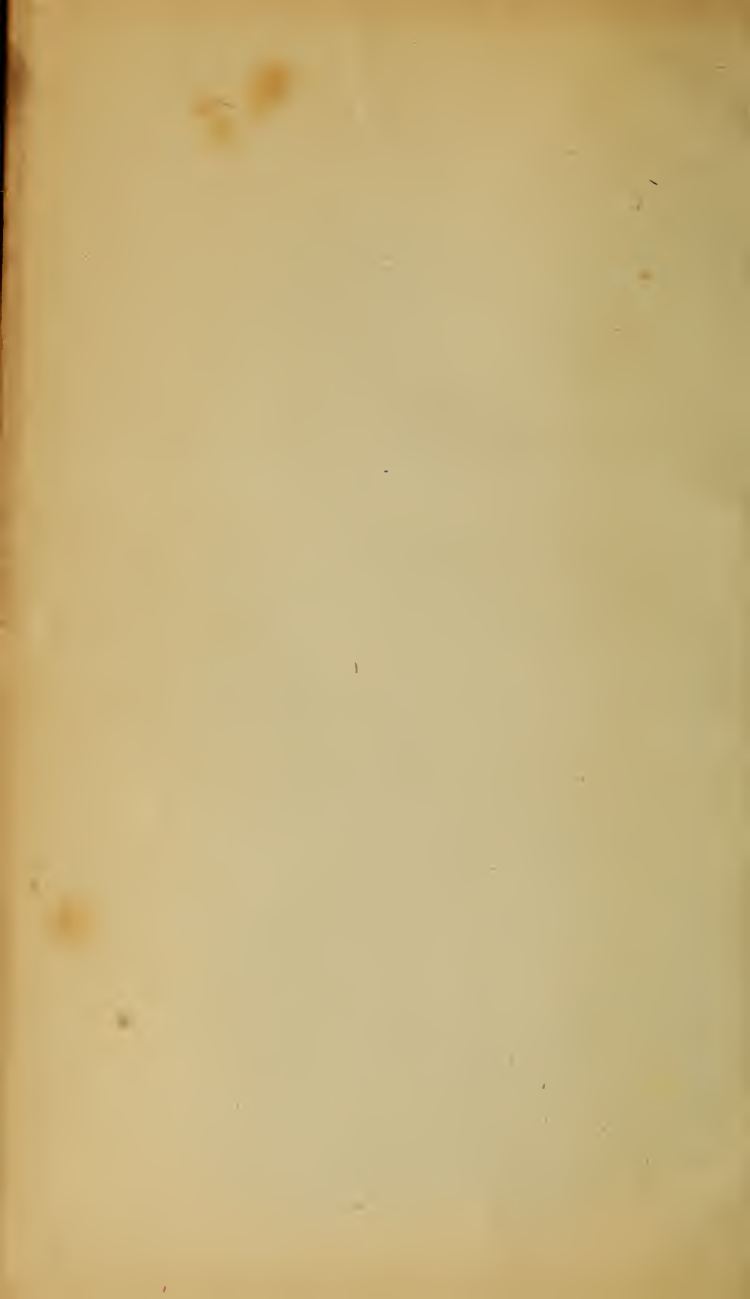
F

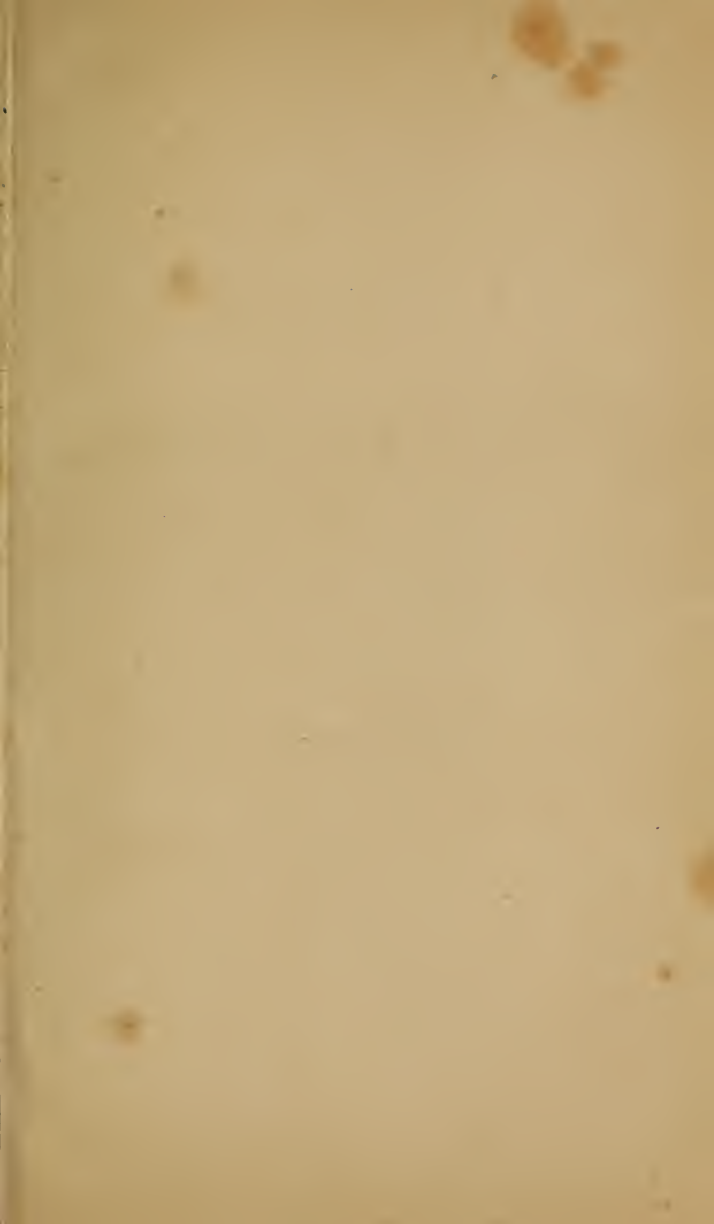
Shelf

41305

D133













6
8
9
10
11

POEMS.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. B. for A. Miller, at the

Black Swan, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1724

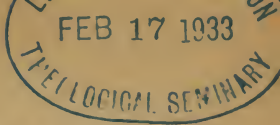
Price 1s. 6d.

By the Author's Order

Printed by J. B. for A. Miller, at the

Black Swan, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

THE



✓
PARTED FAMILY,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

AN OFFERING TO THE AFFLICTED,

AND

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY



MARY S. B. DANA,

Author of "The Southern Harp," &c.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the
child?" And she answered, "It is well."

II KINGS iv. 26.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY DAYTON & SAXTON,
CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STREETS.

BOSTON:
SAXTON AND PEIRCE.

1842.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by
MARY S. B. DANA,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New-York.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE Parted Family, - - - - -	13
To an Absent Husband, - - - - -	21
To a Dear Absent Friend, - - - - -	23
The Conflict, - - - - -	25
The Dying and the Dead, - - - - -	39
The Mother to her Departed Child, - - - - -	44
The Burial, - - - - -	47
The Fading Rose Bud, - - - - -	64
The Death-Bed Scene, - - - - -	68
The Joys of Grief, - - - - -	81
The Second Burial, - - - - -	98
A Voice from Heaven, - - - - -	113
The Solitary Walk, - - - - -	116
To my Mother, - - - - -	122
To Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Davis, of St. Louis, - - - - -	123
The Change, - - - - -	126
Don't Cry, my Mother, - - - - -	129
To my Husband's Picture, - - - - -	133
Rejoice with those who do Rejoice, - - - - -	135
To my Dear Departed Friend, - - - - -	137
My Sister, - - - - -	138
To a Sister, in the Repose of Death, - - - - -	153
To my only Sister, - - - - -	154

	PAGE.
My Brother, - - - - -	156
Passing under the Rod, - - - - -	174
The Joy of the Christian, - - - - -	178
The Prayer of the Widow, - - - - -	181
New Haven, - - - - -	184
Dialogue between the Savior and the Mourner, - - - - -	186
Chastening, a Proof of Love, - - - - -	189
To Die is Gain, - - - - -	192
On a Flower, plucked from the Grave of Mrs. C. B.,	193
Invocation to Sleep, - - - - -	196
Heaven, - - - - -	198
To a Mother with a Dying Child, - - - - -	202
An Invocation to Death, - - - - -	205
O! Sing to me of Heaven, - - - - -	206
To a Dying Christian, - - - - -	208
Chiefest among Ten Thousand, and altogether Lovely,	209
God's Love to Israel, - - - - -	211
Hymn to the Trinity, - - - - -	212
Mount Auburn, - - - - -	214
The Gift, - - - - -	217
The Ever Present Friend, - - - - -	220
I go to Prepare a Place for You, - - - - -	221
To the Rev. J. P., of Boston, - - - - -	223
Heaven on Earth, - - - - -	225
The Joy of Solitude, - - - - -	227
There Remaineth therefore a Rest, - - - - -	228
Exceeding Great and Precious Promises, - - - - -	230
Blessed are the Meek, - - - - -	231
Trust in Heaven, - - - - -	233
Lines on the Death of A. C. Whitridge, - - - - -	235
When shall it be? - - - - -	237
I will Trust in the Covert of thy Wings, - - - - -	238
To the Ashley River, - - - - -	239
One Woe is Past, - - - - -	241
To my Frail Body, - - - - -	242
A Hymn for the Afflicted, - - - - -	244

	PAGE.
The Bereaved Father to his Son, - -	- 245
Where is the Better Country? - - -	- 249
To a Mother, on the Death of a Daughter, -	- 252
A Morning Hymn, - - - - -	- 254
Song, - - - - -	- 255
Hymn, - - - - -	- 256
The Bended Knee, - - - - -	- 258
The Holy Bible, - - - - -	- 259
Song, - - - - -	- 261
A Funeral Hymn, - - - - -	- 262
Search the Scriptures, - - - - -	- 264
God is Faithful, - - - - -	- 265
Lovest thou Me? - - - - -	- 266
The Dying Mother, - - - - -	- 267
Smiling, though Sad, - - - - -	- 271
The Poet's Wealth, - - - - -	- 273
Thy Will be Done, - - - - -	- 277
Whom the Lord Loveth, he Chasteneth, -	- 278
If there be therefore any Consolation in Christ, -	- 280
All Joy, - - - - -	- 281
The Mourner's Resolve, - - - - -	- 283
Wherefore Glorify ye the Lord in the Fires, -	- 284
Lines on the Death of Henry Dickson, - -	- 286
The Dying Hadgi, - - - - -	- 288
Real Comfort, - - - - -	- 302
Song, - - - - -	- 305
Song, - - - - -	- 306
To Mrs. William H. - - - - -	- 308
The Dream of the Sick, - - - - -	- 310

P R E F A C E .

It is with some degree of diffidence, that the writer of these Poems presents them to the public. The unexpected and abundant favor with which her late work, "The Southern Harp," has been every where received, has given her heartfelt gratification; and perhaps her latent susceptibility, roused by the flattering encomiums of an indulgent public, may blind her judgment, and lead her into error. When she is in danger of venturing beyond her depth, and sinking in the treacherous waves of popular favor,

" May some kind power the giftie gie her,
To see herself as others see her,"
Or kindly lend a helping hand,
To lead her from the dang'rous strand.

It is, however, but justice to the writer to say, that many of these Poems have been submitted to the inspection of those in whose judgment she could confide, and she has been, with very cheering expressions of approbation, strongly advised to give them to the public; and many of her afflicted friends, who have perused them, have not only advised their publication, but have made it a subject of earnest request. A few of them have appeared in the "New York Observer," "The Augusta Mirror," and other periodicals; but by far the greater part of them are now published for the first time.

It will not require much penetration to discover that most of the Poems have been hastily written, and written rather under the guidance of feeling than of sober reflection; but, from the nature of their subjects, this last feature will be easily understood. It was some time after the severe afflictions to which allusion is made, before the writer could dwell upon them in this way, and thus render more vivid, scenes

which were already too prominently before her mind ; yet it was a tribute of love she was anxious to pay to the dear departed, and such things should not be too long deferred. Perhaps, hereafter, when time shall have shed its healing balm upon her heart, they can be essentially improved.

While the writer would solicit the indulgence of the literary public, she invites that kind and candid criticism, which would tend to improve her style, and correct her faults.

'Tis said that ancient authors on the shelf
Laid by their works till years had roll'd away ;
But ah ! they did not, like my humble self,
Live in an age of steam ! Each passing day
Now flies, and with it, many a sparkling ray
Of native genius flies — for want of time,
Lost to our darken'd world. 'Tis true they say
Men never wrote so much, both prose and rhyme ;
But then their writings range from silly to sublime.

This truly is an age for making books ;
And many now are candidates for fame,
Who give, like some ingenious pastry cooks,
A patch'd-up dish with new high sounding name ;
And Fortune, who is aye a partial dame,
Oft wreathes the laurel round a brainless head,
'Till grave posterity, with wiser aim,
Unwreathes the victor's brow, alive or dead,
And gives the laurel crown to modest worth instead.

M. S. B. D.

THE PARTED FAMILY.

“ Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.” PSALM xxvii. 14.

TOLL not for every joy a parting knell !
Say not to every smile, a last farewell !
O ye, who mourn in sorrow's darkest night,
Wait on the Lord. He dwells enthron'd in light !
His glory can irradiate the gloom
Of every heart, whose hopes are in the tomb !
There is a power can pierce the darksome cloud
Which overhangs your soul with sable shroud.
O, when the soul is lifted up to Heaven
By the meek penitent, who, sorrow-driven,
Flies to her Savior God, and stretches high
Her supplicating hands in agony,
Bearing aloft to Heaven her bleeding heart,
In silent eloquence to plead her part ;
Then comes an influence down, soft, sweet, and still,
Like dews of night, on some fair grassy hill
Parch'd by the noonday sun, whose drooping flowers
Hold up their heads, and wait the morning hours,

To spread their sparkling beauties to the light,
And gladden weary mortals with the sight.
So comes to those who *wait*, a potent balm
From God's own hand — a spirit-soothing calm,
Which strengthens all the heart, and sheds abroad
A savor of th' almighty love of God.
So soft, so sweet, so still, its gliding flow,
None see its coming, all its presence know.

I saw a sufferer once — her wounds were deep,
And wide, and deadly, yet she could not weep;
But drop by drop her heart's blood seemed to go,
And misery sore drank up her spirit's flow.
Pale grief sat pictured on her woful face,
And every movement gave despair a place.

Not long she suffer'd thus — she rais'd her eyes,
All burning in their anguish, to the skies,
With outstretch'd arms and bursting heart she cried
To Him, whose pierced hands and bleeding side
Told of his dying love, "O, pity me !
O, pity me ! I cast myself on thee !"
Was all that she could say ; but Jesus heard
Her broken cry, and at his sovereign word,
Sweet tears came trickling down her marble cheek,
And tenderly did angel voices speak :
They whisper'd gently in her ravish'd ear,
"Jesus is here, sad mourner ! Do not fear."

Fast fled the gloom from that o'erclouded brow,
And peace stole softly o'er her features now ;
And a new song was given her to sing,
Though all was gone to which her heart could cling,

And she a stranger was in that far land,
Without a tender mother's fostering hand,
Far from a father's ever watchful care,
Far from a sister's sympathizing tear —
Still could she sing with rapture-beaming eye,
Her pallid features brightening joyfully,
And Heaven was all her theme. Her voice would ring
A grateful anthem to the glorious King
Who conquer'd death, and made the lonely tomb
Seem a soft resting place, a peaceful home,
Where the tired wanderer shuts his weary eyes,
And bids a glad farewell to tears and sighs.

And O, the soul ! she saw in visions bright,
The veil withdrawn which hides the world of light,
Her eye of faith she raised with fearful joy,
And *they were there* — her husband — and her boy !
Sweet hope of Heaven ! thou art a healing balm ;
If storms arise, thy deep, rich, holy calm,
Comes with a spirit-influence to the breast,
And to the weary mourner whispers — rest !
Rest — for the fondly loved, the early dead !
Rest — for the longing spirit, heavenward fled !
Rest — from a tiresome path, in weakness trod !
Rest — in the bosom of the Savior, God !

Far in the west — the boundless, prairied west,
Where nature revels, in her beauty drest,
Where roll the waters of that noble stream,
“ Father of Rivers ” called — the poet's theme !
How oft the traveler deems he finds a home,
And plants his weary feet, no more to roam,

Feasts his delighted eyes on pastures green,
Nor dreams a blight can mar the lovely scene !
But many there no place of rest may have,
Save in one little spot — their early grave !

Homes of the west ! too oft your precincts prove
Sad sepulchres of woman's dearest love ;
The tombs where lie enshrined her brightest joys,
When ruthless death her earthly hope destroys.
Bright was *her* home whose tale of wo I tell ;
Hope ever paints her glittering landscape well,
And fair the tissues love and fancy show,
While joy o'erspreads the whole with radiant glow.

But now the scene was changed from earth to Heaven ;
O'er things below brooded the gloom of even ;
But an attractive brightness drew her gaze,
Where Heaven's pure light stream'd in effulgent rays.
And strangers gazed, and wondered at the sight ;
Round that lone being glow'd a hallow'd light ;
Upon her pale thin face a heaven-born smile
Play'd like a sunbeam on some lonely isle.
Yet plaintive were her tones in speech or song,
Like the low moaning wind the trees among,
And you could see her tender heart was riven,
And all the love she had, she gave to Heaven.

Oft when the god of day had sunk to rest,
And twilight lingered in the rosy west,
Still would she wander forth with noiseless tread,
And by a secret influence, spirit-led,
Seek the same spot to which her step would stray
With those she loved — but now, O, where are they ?

At that soft, holy hour, in days gone by,
There might be seen that joyous family,
Husband, and wife, and child — 'twas all so fair
Where all was love, it made an Eden there !
Retired from all the stirring scenes of life,
Who look'd so happy as that fair young wife ?
The hand she loved had raised that vine-clad bower,
And o'er it trained full many a fragrant flower ;
The heart she prized was beating near her side,
How throb'd her own, that moment, in her pride !
On a soft grassy seat together there,
Her hand in his, the breeze that waved her hair
Seem'd not so sweet to that confiding one,
As the warm breath of him she gazed upon,
As o'er her with a touching smile he bent,
And spoke of love, and joy, and sweet content.
Her head lay pillow'd on his noble breast ;
O, that she e'er should lose her place of rest !
Her prattling boy was standing at her knee ;
Clear rang his silver voice in tones of glee,
As, shouting to his faithful dog, he cried,
“ Come, Ralph, get up ! I'll take a little ride ! ”
Then would he strive to mount in mirthful mood,
But fractious oft he found his charger rude,
Now up, now down, the boy or dog would be,
Over and over tumbling playfully.

The smiling parents watch their sportive play,
Well pleased to see their darling boy so gay ;
The mother whispers in her husband's ear,
“ Is he not beautiful ? ” she says, “ my dear ! ”
“ He is a noble boy,” he quick replies,
“ O, long may he be spared to bless our eyes ! ”

“But see! thy mute guitar neglected stands;
“Come, dearest, take it in thy willing hands,
“And sing to me one of thine own sweet songs,
“Surely the need of song to thee belongs.”

Thus sweetly urged, she tunes her soft guitar,
While the still evening sends her notes afar;
Quick at the sound, her music-loving boy
Stands at her side, partaker of their joy;
His playmate too, the shaggy dog, sits by,
Observing all with meek obedient eye.

And now her fingers sweep the tuneful strings,
As thus, with trembling voice, she plaintive sings:

Gently, gently, beating heart!
Love not earthly things too well;
Those who love may quickly part,
Sorrow's waves too soon may swell.

Softly, softly, boding fear!
Tell me not of fleeting bliss;
Ever would I linger here,
With a joy so pure as this.

Shame thee, shame thee, earthly love!
Chain not thus my spirit here;
Earth must change, and joy must prove
Sure precursor of despair.

Cheer thee, cheer thee, child of God!
Trust in Heaven, and all is well;
Come the smile, or fall the rod,
Cheer thee, cheer thee, all is well!

The pensive song thus ended, all was still ;
A warning voice had told of coming ill ;
A big tear gather'd in the mother's eye,
But ere it dropp'd, the father silently
Wiped it away, and kiss'd his wife's pale cheek,
Though not a word could either parent speak.

The startled boy, with anxious restless eye,
Gazed on each one by turns mysteriously ;
His quiv'ring lip gave signal of distress,
And seem'd to ask, "My mother, what is this ?"
She who had wrought the spell was troubled too,
To see what one foreboding song could do ;
O, was there *need* to feel her music so ?
Was this the presage of a coming wo ?
She play'd again a lively interlude,
And sang once more a song of merrier mood ;
The spell was broken, and blest music's power
Was felt again in that eventful hour ;
Bright smiles were seen where gloom had been so late,
And burden'd hearts threw off their gathering weight ;
Unconscious childhood turned again to play,
And peace resum'd its own delightful sway.

There sits a mourner solitary now,
With downcast eyes, and pale dejected brow ;
Cold is the pillow where she laid her head,
When last they sat beneath their favorite shade ;
Hush'd is the voice which ever to her own
Answer'd in tones of tenderness alone ;
Still'd are the merry notes of childish glee,
And she is left — of all that famliy.

She looks abroad, and sees no welcome smile ;
No cheerful sounds her long, long hours beguile ;
She looks within — and all is mute despair ;
She looks to Heaven — O, joy! her all is there !

Do angels hover o'er that lonely place,
Bearing sweet messages of heavenly grace ?
Do sainted spirits come from Heaven to those
Whom they have loved on earth, to soothe their woes ?
See! o'er her face how spreads a kindling ray,
She, who must tread alone her weary way.
But oft in secret hours her tears must flow,
For sweet are tears to hearts o'ercharged with wo.

Well, pour them freely forth, they end with night,*
Bright joy stands waiting for the morning light.
A little longer now, and all is won ;
Thou hast till break of day to struggle on.
Poor tired wanderer ! gather all thy strength ;
See, from the east gray morning dawns at length !
Hail to the breaking day ! one moment more,
Tears, sighings, groans, and sorrows, all are o'er.
Raise up thy head — bright gleams the morning sun,
Hail to thy home in Heaven, poor sorrowing one !

JULY, 1840.

* “ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

The following piece was composed while viewing a beautiful sunset from the capitol at Washington, in September, 1835.

THE day draws near its close, love,
But I am far from thee ;
A sweet and calm repose, love,
This hour once brought to me.
But now I am alone, love,
And all the weary day,
I *feel* that thou art gone, love,
How can I then be gay ?

Could'st thou with me enjoy, love,
This glorious sunset hour,
Of bliss without alloy, love,
My soul would feel the power.
But now my mourning heart, love,
Is struggling to be free ;
O, could it hence depart, love,
Twould join itself to thee.

If hanging on thy arm, love,
I could with rapture gaze,
And view without alarm, love,
Those mild departing rays ;
But now they speak of change, love,
And dearest pleasures gone,
Thoughts to my bosom strange, love,
Sad thoughts come rushing on.

If nought of pain or harm, love,
Could cloud our future days,
Then nature's sweetest charm, love,
Would nought but pleasure raise :
But in a changing world, love,
We often have to mourn ;
Hope's banner now unfurl'd, love,
May soon be rudely torn.

If thou wert with me now, love,
I could not shelter thee,
But if thy head must bow, love,
That head could rest *on me* !
And I could share the blow, love,
Or soothe thee when it came,
In gladness or in wo, love,
Thou 'lt find me still the same.

TO A DEAR ABSENT FRIEND.

How sweet the early life of those
Whose hearts and hands are bound together !
O, sweet as childhood's calm repose,
Those days of bright and sunny weather.

Their bark is on the stream of life,
And no dark cloud is gath'ring o'er it,
There comes no sound of stormy strife,
To sweep that little bark before it.

The elements now sweetly rest,
Or with an infant's strength are playing
Around the bark on ocean's breast,
In that sweet spot with joy delaying.

Now in the gently breathing spring,
The south wind in its course hath found them ;
And, like an insect's fluttering wing,
But stirs the balmy air around them.

O, sweet spring time of life ! how sad
The thought thou canst not always linger ;

But when the heart beats warm and glad,
'Tis touch'd by winter's icy finger.

Poor little bark ! 't will not be long
Thou'lt bear them on through life so sweetly ;
When wintry winds blow fierce and strong,
This lovely scene will change completely.

Well, let them come ! when all grows dark,
They 'll share the gloom, and keep the nearer ;
Affection lights a brilliant spark,
And sadden'd love grows ever dearer.

When heart meets heart, the life blood warm
Will never freeze in wintry weather ;
If comes the cold and biting storm,
Those two fond hearts can beat together.

OCTOBER, 1835.

THE CONFLICT.*

I.

'Twas night. No star was shining in the sky ;
The moaning winds had lull'd themselves to rest,
And all was still as death. His plaintive cry
Even the lonely whip-poor-will suppress'd,
And droop'd his head upon his rounded breast.
Silence and darkness o'er the landscape reign'd ;
All nature was in mournful sable drest ;
The mountain rivulets seem'd all enchain'd,
Or, with a stealing step, the distant vallies gain'd.

II.

Silence is eloquent. It speaketh to the heart ;
It hath a potent language, all its own,

* CHARLES PALMER DANA, son of Charles E. and Mary S. B. Dana, died in Bloomington, Iowa Territory, August 20th, 1839, aged 2 years and 3 months.

"Woman ! thy son liveth."

Which bids the tear of sorrow freely start.
The pensive mourner loves to weep alone ;
And silent night is lonely. We are prone
To mask our feelings in the light of day,
And smile when we could weep. O, many a groan
Is smother'd in its birth ; and many a ray
Shoots from the sparkling eye, when tears are on their
way.

III.

I said 'twas still as death. Well, death was nigh.
Where burn'd the taper's dim and flick'ring light,
A weary mother sat, with anxious eye
Gazing upon her boy. All deadly white
The suff'rer looked, as though its upward flight
The spirit had already taken. But the low
Faint breathing still was heard—the eye was bright,
Nor did the inexperienced mother know
That Death stood at the door, to give the fatal blow.

IV.

O, Hope, sweet Hope ! when even Death is near,
How fondly, madly, do we cling to thee !
Nor can we from the heart thy presence tear,
Till we are forced by stern necessity,
Till Death steals in, and ends the tragedy !
And, even then, Hope leaves us not alone.
The hopes of earth are false — hopes heavenly
Stand by us when all other joys have flown,
And in the suff'ring heart erect their lasting throne.

V.

The mother knew not that her boy would die ;
And yet the semblance of a chilling fear
Was creeping round her heart — and in her eye
Would gather now and then a pearly tear,
And, for a little moment, tremble there !
Then would she brush it hastily away,
And hush the sigh, lest *he* should see or hear,
Who, spent with watching, on the sofa lay,
To rest his aching head until the dawn of day.

VI.

He was the father of her darling boy,
Who long had watch'd through many a weary night ;
And pleas'd she was to see him now enjoy
Refreshing sleep — yet 'twas a sadd'ning sight,
To see them, in the pale and glimmering light,
Both look so deathlike ; while she stoop'd to trace
Each vein so blue, beneath the skin so white,
She scarce refrain'd from kissing each dear face,
And waking both the sleepers with a fond embrace.

VII.

She left them to their peaceful rest awhile,
And, stepping softly, gain'd the open door ;
The house was built in simple western style,
With all its chambers on the lower floor ;
In fact, of stories it could boast no more

Than simply one. 'Twas at the river's side,
And near it grew a noble sycamore ;
A velvet lawn of green, outspreading wide,
Sloped smoothly down to meet the ever rippling tide.

VIII.

Long at the door the wife and mother stood,
With ear intent to catch the slightest sound
From those pale sleepers. Deep solicitude
Within her breast its gloomy way had found,
And round her heart its cutting cord had bound.
But now, the calmness of the midnight hour,
While earth reposed in silence so profound,
Brought back to memory the days of yore,
When life's fair path was strew'd with many a fragrant
flower.

IX.

In blooming myrtle bowers she seem'd to rove,
'Mid shady orange groves to wend her way,
And jasmine vines were twining far above,
Where sang the Mocking-bird* his varied lay,
And Nonpareils among the leaves did play.
Bright buttercups along her path did bloom ;
It seem'd not night — it seem'd refulgent day ;
The flowers of memory, amid the gloom,
Were wafting o'er her soul their odorous perfume.

* The Mocking-bird and the Nonpareil are birds peculiar to the south.

X.

O, Memory! thou skilful architect!
Thy handiwork doth ne'er offend the taste;
Thou hidest from the view each dark defect,
And show'st a structure beautiful and chaste.
Thou lookest backward o'er life's dreary waste,
And gath'rest flowers thy home to beautify;
But all the thorns that in thy path were placed,
Thou leavest there upon the path to die:
O, Memory! thou hast a wise discerning eye!

XI.

And skilfully thou hast the art to paint
Most beautiful perspectives. Lights and shades
So blended, that the darkest shades grow faint,
By rosy light so tinged. Thy hills and glades
Look mellow in the distance, nor invades
That bright domain, one sad unpleasing scene;
No shameful blot that master piece degrades:
Yes — cheerful Memory! 'tis true, I ween,
That all thy fairy land looks beautiful and green.

XII.

Come forth from thy concealment, silver Moon!
Come, lend thy cheering influence to the heart,
And ride in beauty to thy highest noon!
Night is too cheerless when thy smiles depart;
Thou peerless orb! night's fairy queen thou art!
Ah, see! from Luna's face the clouds have fled,
Her lovely rays their mellow light impart;

Then, while a pensive smile her face o'erspread,
With softly whisp'ring voice the lonely watcher said:

XIII.

"O, happy days of childhood, when each hour
Was full of life's enjoyment! when no care
On my young heart had tried its palsyng power;
When all I saw a rosy hue did wear,
And mirthful smiles did chase each transient tear!
When in my bosom slept its latent pride,
And, all unmoved by fashion's gaudy glare,
No meteor bright had turned my feet aside,
And I, nor knew, nor dreamed, that evil could betide!

XIV.

O, those were halcyon days, those days of youth!
That sun-bright, dewy morning of my life,
When all around wore the bright garb of truth;
Before I knew that earth with wo was rife;
Ere I had heard or seen the din or strife
Which all too soon salutes the eye and ear;
Before my breast had felt the sharpen'd knife
Affliction points at every bosom here;
O, those were blissful days, when all my sky was clear.

XV.

There is a peaceful river near my home,
Along whose banks the moss-grown evergreen
Spreadeth an ample shade, a leafy dome,
Where happy birds may warble all unseen.

Sweet Ashley! well I love thy walks serene!
Thy gentle murmur, as thou glidest by,
Whispers to me of many a joyous scene;
O, when the past returns to memory,
By Carolina's streams I'd lay me down and die.

XVI.

But why this yearning for the buried past?
And why, my heart, this anxious, gloomy fear?
If my domestic bliss could ever last,
O, surely, I should find my heaven here!
But something tells me there is sorrow near;
Some sad foreboding weighs my spirit down;
And, ere I know it, fast th' unbidden tear
Springs to my eye. Ev'n nature seems to frown;
The moon has hid herself—the chill night breezes
moan.

XVII.

O, why does my imagination thus
Run riot in a world of fancied woes?
Why do I brood o'er dangers perilous,
And so disturb the present calm repose?
He who in search of future trouble goes,
Will find it near at hand—even at his side;
Imagined evils are the worst of foes;
More dang'rous they than sorrow's sudden tide,
Which flows upon the soul, but does not there abide.

XVIII.

Man is a compound of strange mysteries,
Which to unravel needs almighty skill;
The soul, enchain'd by unknown sympathies,
Oft feels a sadness unaccountable,
An ominous warning of some coming ill,
From which it shudd'ring turns, and tries t' escape,
But turns and tries in vain — for boldly still
Th' unwelcome, horrid fantasies will creep
Before his mental eye, in many a fearful shape.

XIX.

I cannot shake it off — this heartfelt pain !
Thou know'st, O God ! what lines are writ for me ;
Whatever comes, I will not dare complain.
Perhaps thou 'lt take my lovely boy to thee —
O, can it be, my Father ! can it be ?
No — no — he must not die — thou wilt not take
Our treasure from our hearts — we are but three —
Thou wilt not this delightful union break —
O, spare him — spare our boy — for thine own mercy's
sake.

XX.

Last night, when fell delirium rack'd his brain,
He turn'd to me, and kiss'd me o'er and o'er ;
Yes — yes — while tears ran down our cheeks like rain,

He kiss'd his father too, ten times or more,
And call'd us by each name he'd lov'd before !
Was thus our idol bidding us farewell ?
Does this explain the look his features wore ?
Was this the reason why our hearts did swell,
And floods of burning tears in briny torrents fell ?

XXI.

Is this the reason why his father now
Oft views me with a sad portentous gaze,
And why the frequent cloud steals o'er his brow,
And why his look some secret grief betrays ?
Whene'er I speak of hope, a sad smile plays
Around his lips awhile, and then 'tis gone :
He pleads for *resignation* when he prays,
As though some gift were soon to be withdrawn ;
Some dear, some cherish'd gift, he'd set his heart
upon.

XXII.

O can it be my noble boy must die ?
See — dearest Lord ! I stretch my hands to thee,
And through my streaming tears I gaze on high,
In silent, helpless, heartfelt agony !
O, Father ! hear a mother's yearning cry !
Save him — my Father ! save my darling son !
Now, now, while darkness veils the midnight sky,
I pray thee be the healing work begun !
O, hear my broken prayer, thou glorious Three in One !

XXIII.

Take from my lips this bitter, bitter cup,
If it be possible, my Father God !
He is my only son — my joy — my hope —
O, Savior ! who affliction's vale hast trod,
I pray thee to avert the threat'ning rod !
This was *thy* prayer, Jehovah's equal Son !
Now may it reach thy glorious abode !
But, if my darling's mortal race be run,
O, give me grace to say, thy blessed will be done !

XXIV.

If I could arbitrate my doom, and choose
What should be on the morrow, I would fear
Jehovah's high prerogative to use.
' My times are in thy hand ' — I leave them there ;
But, what thou sendest, give me strength to bear !
To the shorn lamb thou temperest the blast ;
O, now regard *me* with peculiar care,
My Father God ! I'll trust thee to the last,
Though now with frowning clouds my sky is overcast.

XXV.

Say to this tempest raging in my breast,
Say to these heaving waters, ' Peace — be still ! '
This whelming tide of agony arrest !
Send heavenly peace, that, like a gentle rill,
May flow within my soul ! Thy holy will

Be done on earth, as now 'tis done in Heaven !
 This aching breast with sweet submission fill !
 Though by the dreadful stroke my heart be riven,
 O, help me to resign the gift thy love has given !

XXVI.

Take him, my Father ! take him if thou wilt —
 My breaking heart withholds him not from THEE !
 The rock on which my every hope is built,
 Stands firm — the Rock of Ages ! cleft for me !
 Here, holy Father ! on my bended knee —
 Alone — beneath the darken'd vault of Heaven —
 Once more — once more — I cry in agony,
Though by the dreadful stroke my heart be riven,
O, help me to resign the gift thy love has given !”

XXVII.

The mother rose from off her bended knee,
 And clasped her hands upon her heaving breast ;
 Just then, a strain of softest melody,
 Stole sweetly on that hour of midnight rest,
 Like angel song breathed out by spirit blest.
 'Twas plaintive — yet 'twas heavenly. Such a thing
 May be, why may it not ? Such tones may best
 Become redeemed spirits, when they sing
 The bleeding, dying love, of Heaven's eternal King.

XXVIII.

And yet 'twas earthly music. There was one
 Who loved to warble at the midnight hour ;

She was a stricken mourner — prone to shun
The noisy crowd, and daylight's dazzling power ;
Her melancholy mind could not endure
This weary world's confusion. All day long
She sat retired within her secret bower,
While on the willows high her harp was hung —
'Twas only in the night, she tuned her harp and sung.

XXIX.

When came the midnight hour with peaceful calm,
Congenial to the contemplative mind —
That hour when holy mem'ry doth embalm
(Within the heart, for future use enshrined,) —
Treasures of thought, from earthly dross refined —
'Twas then she wander'd forth from human sight,
In nature's solitude sweet peace to find,
Or far on high to wing her mental flight ;
And oft with plaintive song she charm'd the ear of
night.

XXX.

Night is the time for music — when the sounds
Of man's untuneful instruments are still ;
When hush'd is all the noise that so confounds
The delicate sense of hearing. Then from hill
And vale, soft echoes wake to catch the trill
Of warbling nightbird — or the lively air,
When love enlists the serenader's skill
To make sweet music for the list'ning fair —
Or the sad song breath'd out from heart oppress'd with
care.

XXXI.

It was that mourner's song the mother heard ;
It came with soothing to her troubled breast,
And all the elements so lately stirr'd
In wild confusion, gently sank to rest,
And pitying Heaven granted her request.
Now at the bedside of her dying son,
While on his pallid brow her lip she press'd,
And while she felt that he was almost gone,
She sweetly smiled, and said, "God's blessed will be
done."

XXXII.

The father, waken'd from refreshing sleep,
Now rises to resume his watchful care,
And forward coming with a muffled step,
He sees his wife and boy together there.
And then with tears the mother said — "My dear !
I have been trying to resign our son ;
Come, kneel with me, give thanks to God in prayer,
That now the conflict 's o'er — the vict'ry won,
And from my heart I say, O, God ! thy will be done !"

XXXIII.

She flies into her husband's open arms,
And on his bosom pours a flood of tears ;
There had she often flown, when gath'ring storms
At distance seen, had roused her timid fears.
O, surely now a darker cloud appears,
Than any which had cast its sombre shade

O'er life's fair path, in all their bygone years :
O, who but God in such an hour could aid,
Or where but on high Heaven, could now their hearts
be stayed ?

XXXIV.

The heavy hearted love the throne of grace ;
'Tis only there they can their burdens leave,
And all the earthborn cares that so debase,
And all the tempting snares that so deceive,
Do lose their pow'r when we to Heaven cleave.
"Is any one afflicted ? Let him pray !"
Go, kneel, ye sorrowing ones ! and thus receive
That heavenly peace, whose soul enlivening ray
The world can never give, nor ever take away.

XXXV.

Together kneeling at the sufferer's side,
They pour'd their sorrows in Jehovah's ear ;
And when in vain to him has mourner cried ?
Such cries, O, when has God refused to hear ?
Sad hearts, O, when has God refused to cheer ?
In fond embrace they knelt, and pray'd to Heaven,
And Heaven's almighty King in love drew near,
And though beneath the stroke their hearts were riven,
They both gave back to God the gift his love had
given !

CHARLESTON, *May*, 1841.

THE DYING AND THE DEAD.

Come to the bed of death !
Draw near — the dying hour has come ;
The spirit now is going home !
Come, see the suff'rer — almost free
From life, and life's last agony —
Resign his breath !

Beautiful sight — but sad !
That cheek, so lately clad
In rosy bloom,
Now lays its roses by,
Preparing thus to die ;
For roses must not lie
In the dark tomb !

It is a child who dies —
His lovely deep blue eyes
Are fixed in death ;
Why should the sweet boy die ?
Why should such beauty lie
The sod beneath ?

'Tis ever, ever thus !
The loveliest blossoms we can find,
With numerous tender cords we bind,
And fasten firmly to the heart ;
But Death comes in to play *his* part,
And cuts the fibres loose !

Pale as a tenant of the tomb,
Who comes into that dying room,
Supported by his friend ?
Why steals a tear down every face ?
Why do all move to give him place ?
Why springs the mother to his side ?
Why seeks she thus her grief to hide,
As o'er him she doth bend ?

It is the father, come to lie
Beside his boy — and see him die,
Ere his own life has fled ;
'Tis a sad sight to see —
That mournful tragedy —
That dying bed !
There sits the mother — pale with woe ;
There lies the father — faint and low ;
There gasps the dying boy ;
And friendly strangers, gather'd there,
Breathe out the sigh, and drop the tear ;
Mournful employ !
There too, unseen, is ONE,
God's well beloved Son,
Waiting, when all is o'er,
In every heart to pour
The oil of joy !

A kind physician standeth near,
And looks of grief his features wear ;
 He hears the mother say —
“ O, Doctor ! must my darling die ?
Though fixed and glazed his lovely eye,
Is there no hope that he may still
Revive, and live to bless thy skill ? ”

 O, God ! he answers — “ Nay ” —
And slowly turns away his head,
And wipes the tear that moment shed,
And leaves the room with silent tread,
For hope’s last glimm’ring ray has fled !

“ My husband ! something must be done —
Resign not hope till life is gone — ”
So plead the mother — but he took
Her hand, and gave her one sad look —
 He knew that all was o’er ;
And as he feels the boy’s faint pulse,
Cold shudderings his frame convulse ;
But silently for strength he prays,
And gently to the mother says,
 “ He ’ll breathe but few times more.”

O ! what a bursting tide of grief,
Has given that mother’s heart relief ! —
 She ’s calmer now ;
And while her boy lies motionless,
She looks to Heaven — then stoops to kiss
 His pale — pale brow !

There was a warm, unwavering friend,
Had watch’d beside him to the end, —

His faithful dog ;
He was a well tried friend and true,
And Charley loved him fondly too ;
Whene'er a list of friends was made,
His much loved dog would surely head
The catalogue.
And tears of sympathy
Gush'd forth from many an eye,
By strangers shed —
The boy was well beloved,
Where'er his footsteps roved,
And none were seen unmoved
Around that bed.

But suddenly
The sick man rises — takes his boy
With all the strength he can employ,
And lays him on his own fond breast,
That dear, that well known place of rest,
There, there to die !

Now fainter, fainter grows his breath —
Chill'd by the icy touch of Death,
His little heart grows cold ;
O, hear the mother's parting word —
"Farewell — receive his spirit, Lord !"
And see ! O, see ! she stoops to sip
The last cold dew from that pale lip —
Behold — behold !

Upon his father's noble breast,
The gentle boy has sunk to rest —
Th' immortal spirit fled !

And 'tis a mournful sight and rare,
To see them lie together there —
The dying and the dead !

MAY 27th, 1841.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEPARTED
CHILD.

I must not weep for thee,
In hopeless agony,
 My baby dead!
Away from earthly things,
From sorrow's deadly stings,
On bright angelic wings,
 Thus early fled!

Ere thou hast tasted woe,
'Tis better thou should'st go
 To perfect bliss;
My darling — heavenward fled! —
O, shall I hang my head,
And mourn my baby dead,
 And weep — *for this*?

Go, cherub, to thy rest!
Yes — leave thy mother's breast,
 For Jesus' arms!
Sweet babe! I bid thee go!

Ah, me ! too well I know,
 To thee *I* could not show
 Such heavenly charms !

My baby ! soon I must
 Resign thy sleeping dust —
 Smiling in death !
 What did'st thou, baby, see,
 Which made thee smile on me,
 When Death stood near to thee,
 Stealing thy breath ?

A gleam of sweet surprise
 Lit up thy languid eyes,
 And polish'd brow ;
 And the same heavenly ray
 Around thy lips did play,
 As pass'd thy life away,
And 'tis there now !

I never thought that I
 Could see my baby die,
 Yet feel like this ;
 Dead — dead — and yet so fair !
 No anguish — no despair
 Comes o'er me while I dare
 Thy lips to kiss !

Those lips that smile in death —
 I almost feel the breath,
 As once it came,
 When, sleeping on my knee,
 While burned my love for thee,

Thy breath, so sweet to me,
Did fan the flame !

My beautiful ! my own !
Soon will they lay thee down,
Beneath the sod ;
Farewell — my baby dear !
O, God ! forgive this tear !
Thyself this heart must cheer,
My Father, God !

I'll thank thee, every day,
That o'er this pale cold clay,
My baby dead !
I've felt as now I feel —
Though down the tear drops steal,
Thou dost thy love reveal,
And grief has fled !

CHARLESTON, *March* 28, 1841.

THE BURIAL.

“ Stranger ! thou pitiest me, she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,
As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

But know the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs, who yield, like me,
An angel thus to Heaven.”

MRS. HEMANS.

There was silence deep and deathlike, as the silence
of the tomb,
Save when a startling sigh was heard, in that funereal
room,
Where lay a lovely cherub boy, smiling as if in sleep ;
It was the smile that comes with death, and whispers,
“ Do not weep,
When those you love are snatch'd away from earth
and all its cares ; ”
O, is it strange a smile should be the last farewell to
tears ?

He was a cherish'd only son, that fair and noble boy,
His father and his mother saw in him their pride and
joy ;

And he was bright and beautiful, ev'n to a stranger's
eye,

For those who saw him at his play, could never pass
him by,

But often have they stopp'd awhile, to kiss his fore-
head fair,

And part upon his open brow his clustering auburn
hair.

And when upraised his beauteous eye, with a confiding
gaze,

I've thought it was as cherubs look, that sweet angelic
face ;

So innocent, so passing fair, so full of love and bliss ;
It brings a thought of Heaven to earth, sweet child-
hood's happiness !

O, types of Heaven they oft may see, whose thoughts
to Heaven ascend,

When things all lovely to behold their daily steps
attend.

Why lies that babe so silent there, in monumental
rest,

Why moves he not from hour to hour, nor heaves his
gentle breast ?

Why does the mother place her hand upon his marble
cheek,

Then move her bloodless, quiv'ring lips, though none
can hear her speak ?

Why meets he not her ardent gaze with smiles of infant bliss ?

And why, O, why returns he not that long passion'd kiss !

Why sleeps the tender infant *there*, and not upon his bed ?

Why does the mother sever, too, those ringlets from his head ?

Why does she slowly curl them thus, around her fingers fair,

And on them gaze so mournfully — those locks of auburn hair ?

Why does she press them to her lips, and press them to her breast ?

Why does her heart seem like to break, with feelings unexpress'd ?

Why wanders she from room to room, with face so deadly pale ?

And why so languid is her step, as though her strength would fail ?

And yet, why sits upon her brow such resolution high ?

What means that strange impressive look, seen in her moisten'd eye ?

Why come the strangers there to gaze, who, weeping, turn away

Whene'er the mother stoops to kiss that lovely sleeping clay ?

Why does the dog lie prostrate there, with such a mournful eye ?

Why does the mother stoop to him, whene'er she
passes by ?

Why does he instant raise his head, with slow and
solemn grace ?

Why does the mother place her cheek against his
hairy face ?

Why does he give that piteous whine, so full of grief
and pain,

And when the mother turns away, lie prostrate there
again ?

Why do the neighbors standing round, such pitying
looks exchange,

And, when they see the mother smile, why say, "'Tis
passing strange ?"

And why do tears come gushing forth from many a
friendly eye,

Whene'er they hear her softly say, "My blessed
angel boy ?"

Why do they gaze upon her thus, with troubled looks
of dread,

As though they feared *another* storm would burst upon
her head ?

What means that group of busy ones, on some sad
work intent ?

Why does the mother near them stand, with eyes
upon them bent ?

Why do they all keep silence there, as though they
feared t' intrude ?

Why does the mother's look express such heartfelt
gratitude ?

Who are those lovely silent ones — that group of ladies fair ?

Why do they ply the needle thus — what are they doing there ?

O, list to me, and I will tell — *that beauteous boy is dead ;*

The father, in another room, *lies on his dying bed ;*
And she who glides from place to place, and wears so sad a smile —

That wife and mother — who can tell what thoughts her bosom fill ?

For many sad mysterious things ye've asked the reason why ;

O, does not this explain full well each mournful mystery ?

Beside her husband's dying bed the mourning mother stands,

And on his cheek, and on his brow, she lays her trembling hands,

And, bending low her fragile form, she whispers in his ear,

“ Our darling boy has gone to Heaven, you *know* he has, my dear ! ”

He gazes on his loved one long, and says, with plaintive tone,

“ O, yes, our boy *has* gone to Heaven, and I shall follow soon.”

What makes the mother tremble thus, and close each tearful eye,

And murmur forth, with quiv'ring lip, “ O, no, you will not die —

You will not leave me here alone — God will not take
away

The noblest boy that ever lived, and *you* my earthly
stay.”

Fair mourner ! in a few short hours thy hopes must
all depart ;

’Tis pity that all hope must die within that trusting
heart.

Trust on — trust on — a little while, nor yield thee to
despair ;

The blow that soon shall fall on thee, God give thee
strength to bear !

Ah, little know the thoughtless world, what woman
can endure

For those she loves, when she believes their happiness
secure ;

In utter self-forgetfulness, while all her heartstrings
bleed,

O, she *can* yield them up to Heaven, and joy that they
are freed !

’Tis even so — she proved it well, that mother and
that wife,

When she was willing to resign those dearer far than
life ;

The time came on — it linger’d not, when that warm
loving heart,

From one to which it firmly grew, was rudely torn
apart ;

And yet, forgetful of her pain, while every fibre bled,
She joy’d to think her dearest love to heavenly bliss
had fled !

And I have told how she could smile, as o'er her boy
she bent ;
O, it was when, with faith's glad eye, her glance to
Heaven she sent ;
Yes — though the lovely infant form was stretch'd
upon its bier,
'Twas sweet to think — 'twas sweet to know, the spirit
was not there !
Clad in a shining robe of light, his face illumed with
joy,
She saw the glorious spirit form of her sweet angel
boy !

Enfolded in the Savior's arms, one moment he would
be,
While every smiling feature glow'd, all bright with
ecstasy ;
And when she seem'd to catch his eye, he 'd spread his
golden wings,
And stretch his little arms to her, whose bright ima-
ginings
Were bearing her away from earth, to Heaven and to
her child ;
When such a vision met her gaze, what wonder that
she smiled ?

And with such high and holy thoughts, firm fastened
to the skies,
What wonder that such looks were seen in those im-
pressive eyes ?

It was not strange, though strange it seem'd to those
who ne'er had known

The pure ecstatic "joy of grief," the trust in Heaven
alone.

O, if there be a holy joy, unmingled, it is this —

For those we best have loved on earth, *the certainty of
bliss !*

Weep not, ye strangers ! weep not thus, for her who
is bereaved —

Ye *surely* weep not for the soul so late to Heaven re-
ceived !

I know 'tis sad, 'tis very sad, to see that fair young
flower —

That rosebud bright and beautiful, all withered in an
hour ;

But could ye look away from earth, and from the
yawning tomb,

In deathless, bright, unearthly tints, ye'd see that
flow'ret bloom.

And now, behold ! those silent ones — that group of
ladies fair !

They 've finished each her mournful task ; what were
they doing there ?

Why did they ply the needle thus, on white unsullied
lawn,

And now, because their task is done, why have they
thus withdrawn ?

The lovely group of busy ones, who fear'd to speak
aloud,

Were making for that sleeping dust, its burial dress —
its shroud !

And now the mourner stands alone, beside her sleeping boy,
'Tis but a moment — other cares her heart and hands employ,
They 've clothed him in his burial dress, whose heart beats not beneath,
But still he wears a smile, and looks all beautiful in death ;
O, that corruption's tainting touch should mar so fair a form !
O, that the young and beautiful should feed the slimy worm !

Fair mourner ! whither goest thou ? why dost thou turn away ?
How canst thou for a moment leave that lovely sleeping clay ?
I need not ask — full well I know that thou wouldst linger long,
And near thy sweet unconscious child these sacred hours prolong ;
But now thou go'st with eager step, thy husband's heart to cheer,
And see ! thou leav'st a loving friend, to watch beside the bier.

The playmate of thy gentle boy — the dog he loved so well —
He lieth there beside that corse, a faithful sentinel !
O, were that noble beast endow'd with man's intelligence,
And could he speak, he'd tell his grief, with true heart-eloquence ;

E'en now, methinks, he seems to speak, as mourn-
fully he lies,
And looks into his mistress' face with those confiding
eyes.

A crowd is slowly gathering within that silent room ;
With eyes intent upon the ground, and sober steps
they come ;
Their errand is a holy one, to follow to the grave
The beautiful young creature, whom nor tears nor
prayers could save ;
To place the precious dust within its narrow cheerless
home,
And with true hearted sympathy, to weep beside the
tomb.

The mother leaves her station near the chosen of her
heart ;
How strange that in her speaking eye, no tear is seen
to start !
She whispers to the friend she leaves, " O, watch my
husband well,
And if he ask you where I am, ah me ! you need not
tell —
But say that I'll return again, on eager wings of
love —
That I have sought a *resting place*, within our fav'rite
grove.

A resting place — a resting place ! O, little did I
dream
When last we wandered there, 't would be a resting
place for him —

For thee, my boy ! my peerless boy ! who gambol'd
at my side ;
O, would to God ! my son ! my son ! that I for thee
had died !
Hush — hush — my fond maternal heart ! and let thy
treasure go ;
If thou couldst do it by a word, *wouldst* thou recall
him ? No ! ”

The strangers all have look'd their last upon the clay-
cold form,
So late instinct with life and health, with pulses beat-
ing warm ;
'Tis covered now from every eye — alas ! 'tis darkly
hid,
It lies upon its narrow bed, beneath the coffin lid.
'T will see no more the sun's fair light, when night's
dark hours have fled —
It sleeps a long and dreamless sleep, upon that narrow
bed.

The childless mourner takes her place amid that tear-
ful throng,
She is the only tearless one, that silent crowd among ;
The minister of God has come, he bows his reverend
head,
And from the holy book he reads, how “ blessed are
the dead ; ”
See joy upon the mother's face ! see rapture in her
eye !
Pale Death ! O, where is now thy sting ? where, Grave !
thy victory ?

And from the volume in his hands, O, list! and hear
him tell,

How once a mother and a wife did answer, "It is
well."

Yes — when the holy man of God asked, "Is it well
with thee,

And with thy husband and thy child?" thus sweetly
answered she.

Now see upon that mourner's face, what radiant smiles
do steal!

She moves her lips — what does she say? She whis-
pers, "It *is* well."

Blessed religion of the skies! O blessed hope of
Heaven!

How canst thou heal the broken heart, by sore afflic-
tions riven!

And thou, celestial Comforter! thou Spirit of the
Lord!

Forever be thy holy name exalted and adored!

For thou canst charm away the grief of those who
are distress'd,

And by thine own sweet promises bring rapture to the
breast.

There is a strain of melody heard in that western
wild,

They sing above the coffin'd dust of that beloved
child;

What voice, with clear yet plaintive tone, now swells
upon the ear,

So full of high wrought feeling that all others stop to
hear?

O, what must be the joyful hope that thus to Heaven
clings !

— It is that childless mourner, who thus clearly, sweet-
ly sings : —

“ On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting rapt’rous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array’d in living green,
And rivers of delight.

O’er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds nor pois’nous breath
Can reach that blissful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear’d no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father’s face,
And in his bosom rest ?
Fill’d with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan’s waves should o’er me roll,
Fearless I’d launch away.”

With clasped hands and raised eyes, these words the
mother sang ;
In silv'ry tones on every ear the mournful music
rang ;
'Twas mournful as the wind-swept harp, that answers
to the breeze
Whene'er it sighs complainingly, among the forest
trees —
Or voice of lonely nightingale, at evening in the
wood,
Warbling her soft and mournful plaint, in melancholy
mood.

Along the solitary road, with slow and solemn tread,
Now move the mourners who attend the burial of the
dead ;
The stranger and the forest-born, the parent and the
child,
Go with him to his early grave in yonder western
wild ;
They weep for her who weepeth not, for, ah ! too well
they know
That soon, in perfect loneliness, a *widow's* tears must
flow !

Behold them “ on their winding way ! ” how mourn-
fully they move !
And now they 've reach'd that resting place, in yon-
der shady grove ;
Not weary of this tiresome world, was he who there
shall rest,

A flower just newly blown he was, pluck'd from his
mother's breast ;
In yonder sweet sequestered spot, where verdant
branches wave,
The funeral train have gather'd now, beside an open
grave.

Hark ! hear ye not that solemn voice ? It is the
voice of prayer ;
And reverently each listener his bowed head doth
bare ;
The youthful and the aged man, the man in nature's
prime,
All bow before the King of Kings. Who would not
bow to Him ?
The mother leans in silence there, upon a stranger's
arm ;
Her thoughts are with her angel boy, now safe from
every harm.

No more she sees the funeral train — the gentle and
the brave ;
Nor sees the little coffin laid beside the open grave ;
Her pale, pale face is upward turned, her eyes are
fixed on high,
A glory shineth on her face, a rapture in her eye !
Why stands she gazing up to Heaven ? what sees the
mother there ?
She sees her shining cherub boy, in answer to her
prayer !

The prayer is ended — all is still — and now the man
of God
(Before the ready spade has touch'd the cold expect-
tant sod,) Returns the mourners' thanks to all who 've lent their
kindly aid
To those on whom the hand of God its crushing
weight has laid ;
In watching by the suff'rer's couch, through many a
weary night,
And now in burying their dead — their darling, out of
sight.

“ Ashes to ashes — dust to dust ” — with mournful
hollow sound
The clods of earth are falling on that coffin under
ground ;
Nay, shudder not, nor turn away, with sudden heart-
despair !
Mother ! 'tis but his lifeless dust, his spirit is not there.
Yes, smile again that same sad smile, and raise thy
languid eyes,
Again — O, mourner ! dost thou see thy darling in the
skies ?

In silence and in thoughtfulness, away the mourners
move ;
Deserted is that peaceful spot, within a shady grove.
Deserted ? No ! for all day long, and through the si-
lent night,

A friend is watching by the boy, now buried out of
sight ;
Where gently to the western winds the verdant
branches wave,
There prostrate lies a faithful dog, beside a new made
grave !

CHARLESTON, *June*, 1841.

THE FADING ROSE BUD.

I HAD a lovely Rose bud,
Just opening beauteously,
I placed it on my bosom,
And fair it was to see ;
My heart was proudly swelling,
When every passer-by
Admired my beauteous flower,
That blossom'd but to die.

Awhile it gaily flourish'd,
Nursed by affection's dew,
And every passing hour,
More beautiful it grew ;
Each tender leaf unfolding,
A brilliant hue display'd ;
I thought a brighter flower
Was surely never made.

One day I saw it drooping,
It leaned upon my breast ;

With paleness and with trembling,
I saw it sink to rest ;
I knew not it was dying,
Though paler still it grew ;
I vainly strove to save it,
By all that love could do.

I ask'd each passing zephyr
To breathe upon my flower,
And each reviving sunbeam
To try its sovereign power ;
I gave each fond endearment,
I water'd it with tears,
But every moment brought me
More agonizing fears.

“ O, must I lose my Rose bud,
The only one I have ?
Is there no kind physician,
My precious flower to save ? ”
But vain was all my praying,
A worm was at the core,
And, leaning on my bosom,
It withered more and more.

At length I heard a whisper,
“ O, suffer it to come
To me, the only Savior,
And I will take it home ;
There, in my garden blooming,
Are many buds like thine,
In bright celestial beauty,
Sweet flowers ! how they shine ! ”

I raised my tearful eyelids,
And lo ! a form of light,
Just like the risen Savior,
Then met my wond'ring sight ;
And while I strove to tell him
That he might take it home,
Again I heard him saying,
" O, suffer it to come."

The glory round him shining
Spread heavenly light afar,
And in each hand extended,
I saw the fatal scar ;
There too, I saw, with anguish,
The wound upon his side ;
By these sad marks I knew him,
'Twas He — the Crucified !

With sad heartbreaking sorrow,
I kiss'd my faded flower,
A long farewell I gave it,
That well remember'd hour ;
One dark and painful struggle
Now rack'd my tortured mind,
And then, with sighs and weeping,
My Rose bud I resign'd.

'Twas folded to his bosom,
And, as he placed it there,
I saw new life returning
Beneath his fost'ring care ;
And though I felt so lonely,
And throbb'd my heart with pain,

I dared not, and I wish'd not
To call it back again.

And then the tender Savior
Cast such a look on me,
And said to me so sweetly,
"Fear not, I'll comfort thee,"
That I in calmness waited
To see them take their flight,
And, in a cloud of glory,
They vanish'd from my sight !

CHARLESTON, *December* 10, 1840.

THE DEATH-BED SCENE. *

I.

Another tenant for Death's charnel house !
Another victim for Death's banqueting !
Ha ! holds he not a glorious carouse ?
But, cruel Death ! thy fangs have lost their sting ;
Thou hast no power to stay the spirit's wing ;
Thou canst not bar its entrance to the skies ;
Thou canst but set it free, thou ghastly King !
Thy touch doth man's best part immortalize ;
The deathless spirit lives, when the poor body dies.

II.

Once more approach with me the bed of death ;
Come, see once more a fellow mortal die ;
'Tis not a doleful sight. The dying breath
May pass through lips that smile in ecstasy,
And beams from Heaven may light the languid eye ;
With sudden burst the failing voice may strive

* CHARLES E. DANA died in Bloomington, Iowa Territory, August 22, 1839, aged 35 years.

“ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

To join the sweet approaching melody,
Heard when the angel messengers arrive
To bear the spirit hence, in Heaven's own bliss to live.

III.

O, there are solemn hours which come to all ;
The bed of death is aye a solemn place ;
To see the saint asleep in Jesus fall,
And leave the world with glory on his face —
Or, to suppose a mournful, mournful case,
To see the dying one with awful dread
Meet death, and call aloud for slighted grace,
O, 'tis most solemn. They who mourn the dead,
Know what religion is upon a dying bed.

IV.

And to the novice 'tis a fearful scene —
The first sad interview with Death. To see
The failure of that wonderful machine —
Our mortal frame ; when Death, pale enemy !
Comes to the prison door, and turns the key,
And tells the soul it has its freedom now.
But O, the pangs ! the parting agony !
The clammy sweat that beads the suff'rer's brow
Doth a sad evidence of nature's anguish show.

V.

Man lives to die, as flowers bloom to fade ;
Expanded bloom is but incipient death ;

The rose that with the morning zephyr played,
At eve lies scattered on the ground beneath ;
And flowers at eve that formed a living wreath,
When morning beameth bright, all drooping lie,
Cast on the ground to waste their fragrant breath,
Or tell their story to the passer-by,
That they, once highly prized, are cast aside to die.

VI.

Man, when he dies, is buried out of sight,
But not forgotten. Few so friendless are,
That some bewail not their untimely blight,
Always untimely. Death can scarce unbar
The soul's dark prison gates, and send afar
Th' unfetter'd spirit to its endless home
Of joy or woe, ere sounds discordant jar
Upon the ear, and fill the heart with gloom,
When wailing voices sound from mourners round the
tomb.

VII.

We know that we must die. O, then, how strange
That he, whose life is but a passing day,
Should live regardless of his last great change !
All earthly brightness soon must fade away ;
All earthly things are hasting to decay ;
And man, possess'd of an immortal soul,
Lives to exalt his perishing mortal clay,
Nor listens to the never ceasing toll
Of hours he may regret while endless ages roll.

VIII.

For man is but the creature of a day ;
Dress'd for a little "pomp and circumstance,"
He figures for awhile in grand display,
Or on the stage, or in the mazy dance ;
While on the stage, he plays a vain romance ;
And while he dances, swift his moments fly !
O, trifler, pause ! for even now, perchance,
With dart in hand, grim Death stands waiting by ;
For those who thus have lived, 'tis awful work — to
die !

IX.

But sweet the dying chamber, where the saint
A farewell bids to his mortality ;
What tongue can tell — what master hand can paint
The radiant glories of the upper sky,
That burst upon the Christian's dying eye !
And even when he "dies, and gives no sign" —
When nature sinks beneath her agony,
Then comes the hope no fears can undermine,
That he who lived so well, must die with joys divine.

X.

As the proud monarch of the forest falls,
Even so it lies. And thus th' immortal soul,
When death has freed it from its prison walls,
Shall hear the knell of its probation toll.

For while eternal ages ceaseless roll,
In realms above — or in the shades below,
No fears shall chill — no flatt'ring hopes console ;
No change shall come, except that bliss or woe
More blissful or more woful still shall ever grow.

XI.

'Tis sunset. Fleecy clouds of rosy light
With brilliant hues do tinge the western skies !
The sun has left a track of radiance bright !
Could mortal pencil catch those splendid dyes,
How would the painter's art in glory rise !
Changing — still changing ! change must come to all
Beneath the sun ; the sun which swiftly flies
On wheels of fire, enshrouded in his pall,
From his proud place on high, one day himself shall
fall.

XII.

Slowly the tedious hours move along
Within the sick man's chamber. On his face
Has gathered paleness. Pearly drops are hung
Around his pallid brow with mournful grace,
By Death's moist finger. In that cold embrace
The chills of death creep o'er each trembling limb ;
The noble form lies nearly motionless ;
The friends around flit by as in a dream ;
The throbbing heart grows cold ; the speaking eye
grows dim.

XIII.

Fever has done the work. He's conquer'd now,
And driven from the field. And this may be,
This coldness — paleness — moisture on the brow,
May only be the price of victory.
It was a fierce encounter. Forced to flee,
The dire disease exerted all his might
To give the death blow to his enemy,
Ere from the prostrate form he took his flight.
'Twas needless — all his strength was yielded in the
fight.

XIV.

Yet do they strive to raise the sinking frame,
By every means within the healer's art ;
To fan the dying embers to a flame,
And kindle life within the cold, cold heart ;
The wife, with anxious care, seeks to impart
Warmth to the clammy limbs ; and gen'rous wine
And sav'ry broths their tonic power exert ;
Kind sympathizing friends their efforts join,
And still to Heaven's high King they look for aid
divine.

XV.

'Tis now the midnight's calm and holy hour,
When all the world is locked in sleep's embrace,
The fairy steals within the tiny flower,
The nightingale sleeps in her resting place.
None sleep within that chamber, where the face

Grows pale with watching — where the hand of death
Is laid on one of Adam's sinful race —
Where still the cold drops form a pearly wreath,
And fainter, fainter grows the slowly heaving breath.

XVI.

'Tis strange that smiling Hope is even now
Whisp'ring her flatt'ries to the young wife's heart !
She wipes the death-damps from her husband's brow,
Which in his dying anguish freely start ;
But still she cannot feel that they must part,
Nor see the stamp of death upon his cheek ;
O, Hope ! a skilful flatterer thou art !
For while the suff'rer grows more faint, more weak,
Thy soft beguiling voice doth words of comfort speak.

XVII.

But, ah ! there is no hope. The blow that fell
Upon his heart, when his dear only son
Died in his arms — has done its work too well ;
The work disease already had begun !
In that sad hour death marked him for his own ;
His feeble frame, unequal to the strife
With strong disease already undergone,
Must yield itself to Death. O, gentle wife !
It is too late to call the dying back to life.

XVIII.

Yes — 'tis indeed too late. All, all in vain
Their efforts to revive the dying one ;

Why should they seek the spirit to detain,
Which may be free before the rising sun,
Bowling with angels near Jehovah's throne ?
No ! rather say, " God speed thee to the skies,
Thou who hast fought the fight — the battle won !
Go — happy conqueror ! go, take the prize !
Go — weary wanderer ! to Heaven and glory rise ! "

XIX.

The hour has come — and now the dying man
Must grapple with his mortal enemy ;
But unseen hosts, with Jesus in the van,
Pale sufferer ! will surely fight for thee !
'Tis but one struggle more, and thou art free !
O, trembling soul ! thou 'rt struggling into life !
Yet there is meaning in thine agony ;
There 's reason for this last heart rending strife ;
Thou canst not bear to leave thine own beloved wife !

XX.

God will support her in her hour of need ;
She 'll have no friend but God to lean upon ;
He surely will not break the bruised reed,
And bruised her heart will be when thou art gone !
She will be left in this dark world — alone,
Whilst thou to heavenly glory shalt ascend,
Where dwelleth now thine own — thy sainted son ;
But He who calls himself the widow's friend
Will heal her broken heart, and all her steps attend.

XXI.

Hark ! heard ye not that voice of mournful sound ?
Whence came that sudden, deep, heart breaking sigh ?
See ! where the childless mourner may be found
Waiting to see her best beloved die !
See there ! O, see the speechless suff'rer lie
Gazing upon the face he loves so well !
See fond affection beaming in his eye,
That eye where love was ever wont to dwell !
See how he vainly strives to say his last farewell !

XXII.

What trembling seizes on the stricken wife !
She fears that they must part — for speechless now
And struck with death he lies ; — the tide of life
Is ebbing fast ; — the pulses faint and slow,
Tell that the blood has nearly ceas'd to flow ; —
There is a strange sad look in every eye ; —
The neighbors stand aside and whisper low ; —
The Doctor comes, and with a deep drawn sigh,
He tells the startled wife that her dear love must die.

XXIII.

God help th' afflicted one ! the time had come
When she must bid delusive hope farewell ;
God help her 'neath his stroke still to be dumb,
And open not her mouth ; or if she tell
Her tale of woe, to say that all is well ;

Amid her desolation and dismay,
Safe in Jehovah's shelt'ring arms to dwell.
God help thee, mourner! now so far away
From father — mother — all — in thy distressful day.

XXIV.

Thy God is with thee. Mourner! raise thy head,
And hear the words of love he speaks to thee;
'Tis true thy earthly hopes and joys have fled,
But God will more than child or husband be.
She raises up her drooping head, and see!
She looks on high! Her lips in prayer do move!
She clasps her hands as if in agony!
One pleading look she sends to Heaven above,
Then thus with falt'ring voice says to her dying love,

XXV.

"O, canst thou not, my husband! speak to me?
O, shall I hear that well known voice no more?
My heart will break. O, God! I cry to thee,
And in this awful hour thine aid implore.
Deep calleth unto deep; — the waves do roar,
Thy waves and billows, rushing o'er my head!
God of all mercy! in this trying hour,
Have pity on the work thy hands have made;
May everlasting arms be underneath me spread.

XXVI.

O, speak once more, my husband! speak once more!
See! 'tis thy Mary leaning over thee!

Or, if to speak thy lips have lost their power,
Just press my hand to tell thou knowest me.
'Tis I, thy darling wife — see, loved one ! see !
O, God ! what shall I do ? he gives no sign ;
O, that I e'er should feel such agony !
And yet his speaking eye is fix'd on mine ;
He knows me — Lord ! for this I bless thy love divine !

XXVII.

Is Jesus precious to thy parting soul ?
O, press my hand if thou my voice canst hear,
For while the waves of Jordan o'er thee roll,
I'll speak of JESUS in thy dying ear.
I know that blessed name thy heart can cheer ;
Jesus can surely make thy dying bed
Feel soft and sweet as downy pillows are,
While on his breast thou lean'st thy fainting head,
To breathe away thy life, till all thy life has fled.

XXVIII.

O, dearest ! fear no evil ; for thy God
Through the dark vale thy falt'ring feet will guide ;
Death's gloomy shade will soon be safely trod,
With such a kind companion by thy side ;
Fear not, for he is with thee. Jordan's tide
Can never overwhelm thy trusting soul ;
Secure are they in Jesus who confide ;
Though storms arise, and raging billows roll,
A mighty Friend is near, who can the storm control.

XXIX.

O, that I could, my dear, my dying love !
Go with thee through the dark and dreary vale,
Till thou hast spread thy wings and soar'd above,
Till saints and angels loud thy coming hail !
But ah ! what could my presence there avail ?
What could I do to help thee on thy way,
Or cheer thee if thy trembling heart should fail ?
Jesus, thy Captain, all thy foes can slay,
His rod and staff alone must be thy strength and stay.

XXX.

Hark to celestial music ! hear it, love !
The angel hosts are speeding from the skies,
To bear thy spirit to its home above !
I see the sudden joy light up thine eyes !
I see the beaming smile of glad surprise !
What is it, darling ! bursts upon thy view,
That makes thee smile in death's last agonies ?
O, would to God that I the myst'ry knew !
Dear Savior ! may not I go with my loved one too ?

XXXI.

I, who have shared in every grief or joy,
Which, at thy mandate, pour'd its tide upon
The bosoms of my husband and my boy !
Well, still I'll share their joy ; and near thy throne,
O, God be praised ! no grief will e'er be known.
No tear, my love ! will tremble in thine eye,

As I have seen it, when with falt'ring tone,
And quiv'ring lip, and deep convulsive sigh,
Thou'st told, with long embrace, thy boy and me,
 ' Good bye.' "

XXXII.

Then paus'd the wife. But ever and anon
She raised her eyes, and moved her lips in prayer,
Or laid her head beside the dying one,
And whispered, " Jesus," in her husband's ear.
Her face was pale, but not a single tear
Roll'd down her cheek, or glisten'd in her eye ;
Upon her Father God she cast her care,
And prayed that she his name might glorify ;
And thus he gave her strength to see her husband die.

XXXIII.

Shorter and shorter grew the heaving breath ;
Dimmer and dimmer grew the failing eye ;
Colder and colder grew the pearly wreath
Which seem'd the pallid brow to beautify,
And sparkled there — a crown of victory !
One groan — one gasp — the wife is left alone !
She o'er him bends to catch his parting sigh,
Then speaks aloud, with clear triumphant tone,
" I wish thee joy, my love ! my darling Charles ! my
 own ! "

CHARLESTON, *June 13, 1841.*

THE JOYS OF GRIEF.

I.

It was a quiet morning. Skies were clear,
And hills, and vales, and woods kept jubilee ;
All nature seem'd a lovely smile to wear,
A smile of peace and joy. In ecstasy
Bright plumaged warblers flew from tree to tree,
And sang their joy with many a cheerful tone ;
But every heart was not so full of glee ;
Within that room where death his power had shown,
A pensive mourner sat, in silence, and alone.

II.

Alone, yet not alone — for loneliness
The most entire is often felt in crowds,
Where friends are off'ring many a fond caress
To one, whose heart the deepest gloom enshrouds.
But there are those who 'mid the darkest clouds
Can smile the wreck of earthly joy to see,
And such are not alone ; the water floods

Have swept their all away ; but thought is free,
And thoughts are aye our most important company.

III.

Thought is not trammel'd by earth's narrow bounds ;
It revels in the regions of delight ;
And oft when darkness all on earth surrounds,
It springs away to worlds where all is bright ;
Affliction comes t' assist this heavenly flight ;
The sorrowing soul, all tired of earth, can feed
On heavenly joys with quicken'd appetite ;
And such a rich repast can never need
The sick'ning sweets of earth, that dire diseases
 breed.

IV.

Affliction often proves the kindest friend
To mortal man ; the mourning soul grows wise ;
All chast'ning hath improvement for its end ;
Man looks to Heaven when earthly comfort dies,
And most effectual prayers are breathed in sighs.
The broken hearted never plead in vain ;
Their anguish hath a voice to reach the skies ;
O, would the soul rich consolation gain,
It cometh in the day of suffering and pain.

V.

And disappointment lurks in every spot ;
The plays of life all end in tragedy ;

Smiles turn to tears, when some dark counterplot
Changes the scene from joy to misery.
There is a power whose vast supremacy
Doth our unwise appointments overthrow ;
We plan — but God appoints our destiny,
And therefore all seems changeful here below ;
But still from scene to scene with new born hope we
go.

VI.

The child of sorrow stands on vantage ground ;
It is a paradox both strange and true,
That he, who in affliction's vale is found,
Dwells on the mount of observation too,
And sees the world without the dazzling hue
Which bright prosperity throws all around :
He learns to *feel* what once he only knew
From hearing other men, the warning sound,
That all who lean on earth receive a deadly wound.

VII.

How many ordeals erring man must pass,
While going through his short probation here !
His road is full of them — and oft, alas !
He quails before the trial too severe,
And falls into temptation and a snare ;
Forgetting where his only safety lies,
Or who will make the trusting soul his care,
He downward bends to earth his anxious eyes,
And, trusting to himself, away from shelter flies.

VIII.

But happy he who passes on unharm'd,
Safe guarded in the hour of seeming ill ;
He ever finds the threat'ning foe disarm'd,
Who, while he looks to earth, looks heavenward still.
The mental eye may gaze on Zion's hill,
And seek protection from a power divine ;
Though sorrows deep the heart with anguish fill,
And hope seems driven from its earthly shrine ;
Yet beams from Heaven may still amid the darkness
shine.

IX.

Alone, yet not alone — for cold and dead,
A manly form lies stretch'd upon its bier ;
And she whose hand supports her weary head,
Is gazing on her husband's features there.
How peaceful is the smile those features wear !
One hand is laid in his, so icy cold,
The other hidden by her flowing hair ;
And statue-like she sits, while scenes untold
Rush on her mental view, and glorious things unfold.

X.

No deep dejection sits upon her brow,
Though from her fond embrace her love has fled ;
How can her heart indulge in sadness now,
When glory crowns her sainted husband's head ?
Why should the bitter tear of grief be shed,
When he has reach'd his bright eternal home ?

O, why do mortals mourn the blessed dead,
Who 've gone where grief and sin can never come ?
Why do they sorely weep, and hang their heads in
gloom ?

XI.

'Tis hard to part. But if our dreadful loss
Be gain unspeakable to those we mourn,
How selfish 'tis to grieve ! O, is it thus
We show our love ? Besides, ye sad forlorn !
They are not lost who from your arms are torn,
They 've only sooner reach'd their blissful rest !
'Tis sweet to end a wearisome sojourn,
And reach a wish'd-for home — and they are blest
Whose friends are safely housed where nothing can
molest.

XII.

In those delightful realms of perfect bliss,
The raptured spirit finds an endless home ;
And is it well to break your hearts for this ?
O, could to earth the sainted spirit come,
'T would chide the mourner weeping o'er the tomb
As though the *soul* were chained in prison there !
'T would bid him lay aside his look of gloom,
And in its place the smile of triumph wear ;
'T would bid him hush the sigh, and wipe the starting
tear !

XIII.

'Twas not with stoical philosophy,
She bore her double grief. Forgetfulness
Was not its antidote. Nor could it be
Despair that sat upon her peaceful face.
O, no! her soul was made of tenderness;
Nor could her heart forget the joyous past;
Nor did despair her tranquil mind possess;
What could it be that o'er her features cast
A sweet expressive look, that seem'd too calm to last?

XIV.

The truly pious are most sensitive
To the delights of dear domestic love;
It is religion's high prerogative,
The tend'rest feelings of the heart to move
To delicate sensations, far above
The gross, impure affections, cherish'd oft
In earthly love. A double tie is wove
For those whose hearts together soar aloft;
'Tis God who makes the heart pure, delicate, and soft.

XV.

What was it, then, that spread a peaceful glow
Upon that lonely mourner's countenance —
She, who had loved her child and husband so,
And lived but in their smiles? A cheerful glance

She gave to each intruder, who, by chance,
Stray'd into that lone room. She 'd call them near,
And tell them of a bright inheritance,
And that she knew her darling ones were there ;
'Twas this had sov'reign power the mourner's heart
to cheer.

XVI.

'Twas confidence in Heaven — for there she turn'd
When " friend and lover " failed her, and that God
Who never yet the broken hearted spurn'd,
Supported her beneath the chast'ning rod,
And sooth'd her in her childless widowhood !
All glory to his name, who sweetly spoke,
And still'd the raging of affliction's flood !
O, sad it is to bear Jehovah's stroke
Like bullocks unaccustom'd to the galling yoke.

XVII.

It well becomes frail man to acquiesce
In God's most wise and holy providence ;
Yea, though he bow his head in sore distress,
Borne down to earth by sufferings intense,
Still let him trust in God, his sure defence
Against the rushing tide ; for sorrow's flood
Can soon be stay'd by kind omnipotence.
Whene'er on us descends th' afflictive rod,
Weak hearted though we be, our strength is found in
God.

XVIII.

God leads his children with a gentle hand,
Though often through a gloomy, rugged road,
But if they reach at last the promised land,
What matter if the paths their feet have trod —
Those thorny paths — be moistened with their blood ?
How gloriously they end their sad career !
Their blood stain'd feet are wash'd in Jordan's flood,
Before the throne all spotless they appear,
And hush'd is every groan, and dried is every tear.

XIX.

So thought the mourner, watching o'er her dead :
What glorious visions cheer'd her solitude !
What heavenly scenes their peaceful influence shed,
As there she sat in calm and pensive mood !
The glories of the upper world she view'd ;
Away from earth on faith's glad wings she sped,
And saw in many a bright beatitude,
The shining mansions of the sainted dead ;
And, deep in silent thought, thus to herself she said :

XX.

“ If never more the blessed sun should rise —
If moon and stars in blackest gloom were seal'd —
Though nature in the gloom should sympathize —
Though winds and waves their utmost power reveal'd,
And to the heart in hollow groans appeal'd —
Though all my friends were laid beneath the sod —
Though icy death my blood had all congealed —

Still would I trust in thee, my Father God!
And bless thee most of all for thy chastising rod.

XXI.

No — I will not repine. It were not well
To mourn for thee, my darling! Not for thee!
No — thou hast gone 'mid perfect love to dwell,
And 'death is swallow'd up in victory!'
I wish thee joy — from pain and sorrow free,
While on thy mother earth reclines thy head!
All soft and peaceful may thy slumbers be,
Till the last trump shall sound, when time has fled,
To wake the sleeping pulses of the silent dead!

XXII.

I almost envy thee, my sainted love,
Enjoying Heaven's sweet society!
O, that I had the pinions of a dove!
How would my eager spirit fly to thee,
And joyful share thy blest eternity!
Thou, who hast seen the Savior as he is,
Art thou not filled with perfect ecstasy?
Explain'd are all thy life's dark mysteries,
Thy fears, thy woes, thy pains, thy heart's deep
agonies.

XXIII.

Thou art at rest, my husband! on thy head
No more the storm shall beat. Thou art of those

Whose works do follow them — the blessed dead !
O how I long to share thy soft repose —
To know that I am safe from inward foes,
And foes without ! My heavy laden breast
Shall bear no longer then its weight of woes,
And I shall be no more with cares oppress'd ;
Welcome the blissful hour, when I shall be at rest !

XXIV.

They say that woman bringeth happiness
To him she loves. I do believe it true ;
I know, my own ! that I could ever bless
Thy heart, when to my fond embrace it flew.
Yes — yes — it gives me comfort to review
The few short years we 've spent together here ;
Each hour was fraught with gladness ever new ;
'Tis sweet, my love ! beside thine early bier,
To think thy noble heart 'twas ever mine to cheer.

XXV.

But hearts like thine are seldom truly known ;
Some things too lofty are for mortal ken,
Till the dim eye, to earthly prospects prone,
Learns to look far above this misty fen,
Where earth's rank vapors blind the eyes of men.
The truly noble ones are all too few,
Nor can they breathe in earth's polluted den ;
They, like the eagle, oft escape from view,
And soar aloft 'mid Heaven's deep and tranquil blue.

XXVI.

I joy to think, my dear, my only love !
Thou 'st laid aside thy load of cumbrous clay,
And wing'd thy joyful flight to realms above,
To pure celestial worlds — away ! away !
I see around thy head bright glories play !
I see thee clothed in robes of innocence !
I see the hosts of Heaven in white array !
And can I wish to call thy spirit thence,
Inhabitant of Heaven ? thou pure intelligence ?

XXVII.

O, Charles ! ' thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of woman.' In thine eyes —
Those dark blue eyes — those mirrors of thy soul,
Were pictured feelings words would but disguise —
Pure, tender, soul subduing sympathies !
Should ever slander, with its poison'd tooth,
Or malice, double tongued, against me rise,
I'll think of thee, whose kindness bless'd my youth ;
I'll think of all thy love, thy tenderness, thy truth.

XXVIII.

I'll plant the grave of all my early joy
With seeds of mem'ry, and enrich the soil
With precious tears, and then I will employ
My heart as gard'ner, caring not for toil ;
And thus the gloomy grave I will despoil
Of all its gloom, and raise bright flowers there,
To cheer me 'mid life's wearisome turmoil ;

And so when sad and overcharged with care,
To cull sweet mem'ry's flowers I will oft repair.

XXIX.

I bless thee, husband ! for thy tender love,
For all th' ecstatic bliss 'twas mine to know ;
I nestled in thy breast, a timid dove,
While my fond heart to thine did firmly grow.
I saw upon thy cheek love's ardent glow,
And felt that I was more than others blest,
When such a rich pure heart was mine ; but, O !
I did not dream that warm and throbbing breast
So soon would cease to beat — so soon would be at
rest !

XXX.

They tell me love has wings — I know it well ;
But there's a love implanted in the heart,
Which cruel death can never thence expel ;
'Tis Christian love. Death may a moment part
Two faithful ones, and cause sad tears to start ;
But hope beyond this darksome world can see,
And, by the magic of her soothing art,
A most effectual comforter can be ;
So Hope and Memory by turns shall comfort me.

XXXI.

For Hope and Memory twin sisters are,
Born in a moment 'mid the present gloom,
Bringing their soft illusions from afar,

And cheering e'en the darkness of the tomb.
Come to my heart, ye lovely sisters, come !
And so my wond'ring senses all entrance
With pictures of my past and future home,
That I may take one life-enduring glance,
Nor cease till I have gain'd my blest inheritance !

XXXII.

I thank thee, holy Father ! that I am
Immortal. 'Tis a cure for all my woes,
That soon they will be followed by the calm
Of Heavens's tranquil and secure repose,
When this poor life has reach'd its blessed close.
There may be many sorrows more for me,
There may arise stern unrelenting foes ;
But I will trust in Heaven, and thither flee,
When I am writhing 'neath opinion's tyranny.

XXXIII.

Who wrongs the widow, will be judged by One
Who makes the widow his peculiar care ;
O, wretched, wretched man ! whose setting sun
Shall sink amid the clouds of dark despair !
In God's own book the words of truth declare
That man accurs'd. Thou, who hast e'er oppress'd
The fatherless or widow, canst thou bear
To die with such a stain upon thy breast,
And hear thy Maker say, 'Thou shalt not see my
rest ?'

XXXIV.

My Father ! all my times are in thy hand !
Though floods arise, thou 'lt bear me safely through,
And though thy ways I cannot understand,
Whatever pleases thee, shall please me too.
Though thou with thorns shalt all my pathway strew,
I 'll sweetly rest when life's short day is o'er,
And bless the hand which me to Heaven drew ;
Then far above this weary world I 'll soar,
And through eternity I 'll triumph and adore.

XXXV.

When nights of weariness do come to me,
They are appointed by my sov'reign friend,
To cure me of this world's idolatry,
And thus to Heaven my aspirations send,
And with my tears sweet expectations blend.
So when I lie and long for morning's dawn,
And vainly wish the painful night would end,
And sadly cry, with many a plaintive moan,
' O, when shall I arise, and this sad night be gone ? ' —

XXXVI.

I 'll think of Heaven, where night shall be no more,
Where not one tear shall gather in mine eye,
Where weariness and pain shall all be o'er,
And I, with seraph wings, shall swiftly fly
With willing speed, my God to glorify,

And execute his blessed sovereign will.
Welcome the joyful hour when I shall die !
Die ? No ! I then shall live. On Zion's hill
I shall forever dwell, and fear no future ill.

XXXVII.

My rest will come ere long. O, when I sleep
My last long sleep beneath the cold damp sod,
Parents and friends ! I pray ye not to weep
For one whose feet a thorny path have trod,
Then shelter'd in the bosom of her God !
I've had sore trial of each tender limb,
In such a rough and thorn-besprinkled road ;
O, then, to weep for me would be a crime,
When I have safely fled beyond the bounds of time !

XXXVIII.

Till then I'll patient be. It is not best
To bosom sorrow, or to nourish grief ;
No ! let me bear my heavy laden breast
Where only suff'ring hearts can find relief —
To Him who was of sufferers the chief !
He numbers every hair upon my head,
He clothes the flower, he notes the falling leaf ;
And will he, now my dearest ones are dead,
Leave me in sorrow's night my burning tears to shed ?

XXXIX.

No — no — it cannot be. He shows his power,
And who can hinder him ? He takes away

Man's glory and his pride in one short hour,
And, when he chooses, hides each cheering ray
Of earthly joy, that o'er his path did play.
But while his hand thus smites, his heart is love ;
He sends the cloudy, wintry, stormy day,
To make us pause awhile, and look above,
And by adversity, the suff'rer's heart to prove.

XL.

How sweet the names my heavenly Father bears !
' God of all comfort ! ' O, the soothing sound !
' Father of mercies ! ' Yes ! I 'll dry my tears,
And go where comfort — mercy — can be found.
What though my love lies cold beneath the ground ?
'Tis but his mortal part. His deathless soul
Lives and rejoices where pure joys abound ;
He ran his race, and reach'd th' immortal goal,
And ne'er shall sorrow more, while countless ages roll.

XLI.

Husband, sweet husband ! where, O, where art thou ?
Art thou not near me, whispering peaceful things ?
Do I not hear thy spirit-accent now,
And feel the waving of thy spirit-wings,
Cooling my burning heart, where sorrow's stings
Would rankle, were it not for Heaven and thee ?
It must be so. My eager spirit springs
To meet thee, love ! 'Tis thy sweet task to be
A ministering angel, sent to comfort me ! "

XLII.

'Twas thus the mourner mused from hour to hour,
Beside her loved one laid upon his bier ;
She strew'd his corse with many a fragrant flower,
And kiss'd his cheek, and stroked his glossy hair.
You would have thought her love was sleeping there,
And she was watching o'er him — such a smile
Sat on his lip, and wreathed his forehead fair ;
But he is dead — and in a little while
The damp and teeming earth that forehead must de-
file !

CHARLESTON, *June 22, 1841.*

THE SECOND BURIAL.

All-conqu'ring Love!
Thou mak'st the heart of gentle woman strong!
All-cheering Faith! thou hast a magic power
To win the soul away from haggard grief!
On the pure surface of the calm blue sky,
Thou paintest Heaven's glories with a touch
Surpassing mortal genius, and with art
Most wonderful, dost lure the tearful eye
Away from the attractions of the tomb,
Where earthly hopes and joys lie sepulchred.
What sweet amazement seizes on the soul,
When these celestial visions greet the eye!
The ambient air seems full of harmony,
As though ten thousand angel visitors
Were hov'ring round th' afflicted one, to cheer
With Heaven's softest, sweetest melodies,
Her mourning heart.

The evening hour had thrown
Dark length'ning shadows on the verdant earth,
And men had gather'd to the burial.

Women were there, with hearts of sympathy
For the bereaved ; and rosy children too
Gazed up into the mourner's marble face,
With troubled looks of awe, and wonder'd why
She was alone, and where the lovely boy
Whom they had ever seen beside her — was.
The mother brought her babe, and when it cried,
Alarm'd at her unwonted gravity,
She press'd it closer to her swelling breast,
And hush'd its plaintive voice — or stole away,
Fearing 't would wring the stricken mother's heart
To hear a baby cry. So delicate
And tender hearted is true sympathy !

But she was dead to every earthly sound ;
Her senses were in Heaven. Her last long look,
A mournful look of thrilling tenderness,
She had just taken of the silent form
Of him she loved ; and now her eyes were fix'd
On that same form reanimate in Heaven,
Cloth'd in celestial splendors. Anxiously
Th' assembled crowd gazed on the mourner's face,
And look'd to see her hang her fainting head,
Whene'er they closed the coffin lid — but, ah !
They did not know the superhuman power
That was at work within her. It was strange,
But it was true, that she was seen to smile
When she was ask'd if she would look once more
Upon her husband's corse, ere it was hid
Forever from her view. Yes, she did smile
A strange unearthly smile, and softly said,
“ I will not look again.” Then did they place
The envious cover o'er that noble form,

And screw it firmly down. Yet still she sat
And gently rock'd her in the cushion'd chair,
And her closed eyes did shed no tear. Her hands
All peacefully were clasped upon her knee,
Nor did the fingers tremble.

All was still
Within that solemn chamber of the dead.
They waited for the minister of God,
To do the last sad offices of earth ;
And yet he came not. Moments pass'd away,
Until an hour had mark'd its silent flight,
With longer, darker shadows on the ground.
'Twas time they had convey'd, with solemn tread,
The body to its home, ere night should draw
Her curtain round the world. Where linger'd he
Who should be at the burial of the dead ?
He comes not — and they fear he will not come.

Then one who knew and loved the dear deceas'd,
An elder in the church of which he was
A member, forward came, and with a voice
All tremulous from deep emotion, read
A chapter from the holy word of God.
'Twas from Corinthians, where th' apostle Paul
Speaks of the resurrection from the dead,
In language borrowed from the court of Heaven.
The solemn deep toned voice of him who read,
Reach'd every ear, and thrill'd to every heart.
These were the words : “ And how say some of you
There is no resurrection of the dead ?
For if there be no resurrection, then
Is Christ not ris'n ; and if Christ be not ris'n,

Then is our preaching vain, — and faith is vain ;
 And we are found false witnesses of God,
 Because that we have testified of God,
 That he did raise up Christ ; — whom if the dead
 Rise not, he raised not up. For if the dead
 Rise not, Christ is not raised ; and if Christ be not
 raised,

Your faith is vain, and ye are in your sins.
 And also they which are asleep in Christ
 Are perish'd. If in this sad life alone
 We have a hope in Christ, we are of all
 Most miserable men. But now the Lord
 Is risen from the dead, and has become
 First fruits of them that slept. For since by man
 Came death, by man has also come
 The resurrection of the dead. For as
 In Adam all men die, even so in Christ
 Shall all be made alive. But every man
 In his own order ; Christ the earliest fruits,
 And afterwards they that belong to Christ,
 At his last coming. And then comes the end,
 When he shall have deliver'd up to God
 The kingdom — when all rule, and power,
 And all authority, he shall put down.
 For he must reign till all his enemies
 Under his feet are laid. The enemy
 That last of all shall be destroy'd, is Death.

* * * * *

All flesh is not the same. There is one kind
 Of flesh, of men ; another flesh of beasts ;
 Another flesh of fishes ; and of birds :
 There are celestial bodies ; and there are
 Terrestrial ; but their glories are not one :

There also is one glory of the sun ;
One glory of the moon ; one of the stars ;
For one star diff'reth from another star.

So is the resurrection of the dead ;
'Tis in corruption sown, but it is raised
In incorruption ; in dishonor sown,
'Tis raised in glory ; 'tis in weakness sown,
'Tis raised in power ; a body natural
'Tis sown, 'tis raised a spiritual one.
For it is written thus ; Adam, the first,
Was made a living soul ; Adam, the last,
Was made a quick'ning spirit. Of the earth
Earthly, the first man is ; the second man,
He is the Lord from Heaven. As we have borne
The image of the earthly, we shall bear
The image of the heavenly. Now, behold !
A mystery I show ; all shall not sleep ;
But we shall all be chang'd, at the last trump,
In a moment — in the twinkling of an eye.

The trump shall sound — the dead shall all be rais'd.
Then incorruptible ; and we shall all
Be quickly changed. For this corruptible
Must put on incorruption, and this mortal
Put on immortality. So when
Corruptible has put on incorruption —
And mortal put on immortality,
Then what is written shall be brought to pass,
That death is swallow'd up in victory.

O, Death ! where is thy sting ? O, Grave ! where is
Thy victory ? The sting of death is sin ;

The strength of sin, the law ; but unto God
Be thanks, who giveth us the victory,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord !” Amen ! Amen !

What glorious words are these ! The Bible speaks
To souls that are afflicted with a force
And emphasis unknown before. The wax
When duly soften’d, will receive and keep
The beautiful impression — and the heart
Tried in affliction’s furnace, will be made
To picture the refiner’s countenance,
Reflected sweetly there.

The mourner heard
These things, with joy unspeakable, and peace
That passeth understanding. Every word
Was music to her ear, and healing balm
To her poor bleeding heart. The drowning man
Will grasp for life at every floating straw ;
And so the mourner, of all joy bereft,
Will catch at every hope the gospel gives.

The reader closed the book, and sat him down ;
And then the mourner call’d him to her side
With silent beckon. In her hand she held
A little volume — ’twas the same sweet book
Had been her kind companion all the day ;
It was the hymn book given her by him
Who now lay coffin’d there. She pointed out
A certain hymn, and begg’d it might be sung ;
For at her darling sister’s distant grave,
In dear New Haven, it was sweetly sung
But two short years before. The young and fair,

The brave and beautiful, had chanted it
Around her early grave, with swelling hearts,
And many a falling tear. For she was loved
By all who knew her, and they knew her well
In sweet New Haven. 'Twas a favorite place
Where these two sisters loved to walk alone
And commune with the dead ; for very near
The sacred spot where now her form was laid,
Two much loved friends were sleeping side by side—
The gifted Martha, and the lovely Jane.*
And he who once had led her ardent mind
In search of knowledge† — he too slept within
That peaceful grave yard. O, he was a man
Whose like is seldom seen on earth ; all, all
Who ever knew him will his name revere,
Till they shall meet him in the realms of bliss,
Who ever sought to lead them to the skies.
Peace to the mem'ry of the holy man !

A father and a mother weeping stood
Beside her grave — one sister on a bed
Of sickness lay, not very far remote ;
And one was at her distant southern home :
O, she had yet to hear the sad, sad news !
An only brother, very near in age,
Who loved her as himself — and more ; he stood
With folded arms and drooping head, and saw

* MARTHA DAY, daughter of President Day, of Yale College : and
JANE L. FLOYD, daughter of the late Rev. Laomi Floyd, and adopt-
ed daughter of the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Charleston ; who died in New
Haven, where she was pursuing her studies.

† The REV. CLAUDIUS HERRICK, long known and celebrated as the
instructor of young ladies in New Haven.

His darling sister hidden from his view
By the dark envious grave. But he has gone
To meet her in her everlasting home !
In distant Alabama's friendly soil,
He found a grave ! They were too pure for earth ;
And 'tis not saying they were wholly pure,
To say thus much — for when th' immortal soul
Has bathed itself so freely in the blood
Of Jesus, that its stains of sin grow pale,
God always calls the spirit to himself,
To take its station near his own bright throne.
It could not breathe the atmosphere of earth
When it is purified and fit for Heaven.
But while it lives on earth 'tis human still,
And therefore sinful.

Round the open grave
Of her who died so far away from home,
How grateful to the mourning bosoms there,
The friendly sympathy of old and young !
Cold hearted and unfriendly call ye these —
The natives of the north ? It is not so ;
My fellow Southrons ! If the hand of God
Shall ever lay you low, when far from home,
Among your breth'ren of the frozen north,
I know, dear friends ! I know ye 'll see them shed
With the dejected mourner, tear for tear.

Sweetly the voices round that young girl's grave,
Peal'd forth a solemn dirge. Now swell'd it high
In lofty strains ; and now in cadence soft,
It seem'd to die away upon the ear ;
Then would it swell again, and reach the skies,

And seem to mingle with the music there.
Now where the Mississippi proudly roll'd
Its world of waters to the distant sea,
That dirge was sung again. The words were these :

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

No pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the lowly sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed :
Rest here, blest saint ! till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O, earth, his sov'reign word ;
Restore thy trust ; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.”

Again that childless widow raised her voice,
And sang the funeral song. The strength she had
Was not her own — it came from God himself.
For like a vine deprived of its support,
She shot new tendrils forth, and clasp'd them round
Th' almighty arm of God, reach'd down from Heaven
For her relief ; and that almighty arm
Rais'd her above the troubles of the earth.

They little know what solid comfort is,
Who ne'er have turn'd to Heaven in sorrow's hour!
Thrice happy man, corrected of the Lord!
Whose roots are torn from earth's most wretched
soil,
Whene'er they shoot their clinging fibres down.
O, let me ever be uprooted thus!
If I be watered with the dews of Heaven,
I still shall flourish in celestial green,
And bear the blessed fruits of holiness.
Yes—with unfalt'ring voice the mourner sang,
While others gazed in pure astonishment,
And thought 'twas "passing strange."

The music ceas'd,
And all prepared to follow to the grave
Him who had won their hearts. The twilight hour
Was beautiful indeed. The setting sun
Linger'd awhile upon his ruddy throne
Of burnish'd clouds, ere he sank down to rest,
To shed his parting beams upon the grave
Of him on whom he ever loved to shine.
The river roll'd more silently along
Than was its wont ;—all nature seem'd to pause
T' attend that honor'd burial. Silently,
With ling'ring feet, the long procession moved
To that same resting place within a grove,
Where they had follow'd to his peaceful home
The young and lovely boy, two days before.

But who are these approaching from afar,
And urging on their weary steeds? They seem
In haste to meet the mournful retinue

Of him who rides within the sabled hearse.
They meet — dismount — advance with tott'ring steps,
And take their station at the mourner's side,
Now near her husband's grave. Who, who are they ?
The minister, and his beloved wife ;
Both sick, both weary, pale, and sorrowful ;
They each had risen from the couch of pain,
And come with trembling haste, four miles or more.

Nor did they come too late ; again in prayer
The preacher rais'd his voice ; its solemn tones
Awaked the evening echoes ; hollow sounds
They were, for he was sick ; but in that hour
The spirit triumph'd o'er the fainting frame.
It was a melting scene. Long hoary hairs
Were waving in the breeze, while old and young
Again uncover'd their respectful heads,
When prayer was made to God ; and in that hour,
When stood the mourner at her husband's grave,
Quite near the little mound that cover'd o'er
Her boy so beautiful, again she rais'd
Her beaming face to Heaven, and, all entranc'd
With visions of celestial glory — smiled !
The parting beams of the descending sun
Play'd on her cheek, and on her pallid brow,
And kiss'd her parting lips ; they seem'd a sign
From Heaven — a sweet love token from the skies.

But hark ! what noise is that, that strangely breaks
Upon the sacred stillness of the scene ?
All eyes are turn'd to where the sound is heard,
Nor is it far away. Affecting sight !
Beside that little mound, with mournful whine,

There lies the dog ; he struggles in his grief
To tear away the heavy covering
That hides his little master from his sight !
With frantic strength he scratches on the earth !
The faithful creature sees one open grave ;
Why not the other too ? Why keep it closed —
That grave that hides the form he dearly loves ?
Ah, noble friend ! thou'lt see that form no more !

Again the minister returneth thanks
To those around, for all their kindness shown ;
Again upon the buried coffin, fall
The heavy clods of earth, with hollow sound ;
Again the mourner, shudd'ring, turns away,
And leaves the burial place with ling'ring step.

Go with her to the now deserted room,
Where she must dwell in grief and loneliness.
She slowly enters there, and casts around
A sad, despairing glance. O, could she weep,
How would the briny waters burst their bounds,
And pour in torrents down her cheeks ! But no,
She cannot weep. The fountain of her tears
Seems turn'd into a flood of burning fire,
To scorch her fever'd brain. She looks around ;
There hangs the little dress her boy last wore,
Just as she took it from him ; pantaloons,
And frock, and shoes, and shining leather belt,
All ready for the wearer. There is, too,
His little hat of leghorn, temptingly
Laid by his long sleeved apron, ready for
His gamboling upon the sunny lawn.

There hangs the coat her husband wore, when last
He walk'd with her, and with his little boy.
There hangs his hat, dress'd with its weed of crape,
Worn for her brother, who had died before.
To each of these she goes, and lays her hand
Upon them — takes them down, and fancies how
They look'd upon the wearer — kisses them —
The dress, the hat, the belt, the coat, the shoes —
And then returns them to their places. O,
For tears! for sweet, sweet tears! They will not
come.

There in the corner stands the instrument
On which her husband loved at eve to play ;
Yes, at that very hour — that twilight hour,
How often would the viol's tones be heard
To mingle with her voice in sacred song !
She thither goes, and takes her boy's low chair,
And sits beside it. See! she lays her head
Upon the very spot his hand would touch
If he were playing it. See! she kisses it,
And clasps her arms around the slender neck,
And hugs it to her breast! It will not do —
Still, still she cannot weep.

The violin

Is hanging silent in its 'custom'd place ;
'Twas with the violin he used to lull
His boy to sleep, when, wearied with his play,
His head was on its evening pillow laid.
The boy would warble, as the father play'd,
A drowsy song, then silent sink to sleep.

What visions must have visited his couch,
Thus woo'd to peaceful slumbers ! On the chair
She stands, and reaches it from its high place,
And covers it with kisses ! — Still no tears.

Who comes into that room with stealthy tread ? —
That room so sacred to the mourner, who ?
It is a good old lady, come to see
What means the stillness in that mournful room.
Long had she knock'd without — but, dead to all
Save her own grief, the mourner did not hear.
At last she ventured in, and reaching forth
Her venerable arms, she clasp'd them round
The mourner, sobbing out — “ My poor dear child ! ”
Lo ! at these magic words of pity, she
Who could not weep before, is weeping now
Upon the dear old lady's bosom. Yes !
Her arms are tightly clasp'd around her neck,
As though she were her mother ; and her head
Has sunk upon that sympathizing breast ;
And when at length she raises it again,
There beams a tranquil smile upon her face,
Like the bright rainbow shining after rain !

How sweet is sympathy ! Each heart doth know
Its own deep bitterness ; but many weigh
The grief of others in false balances,
And blame them where they ought to sympathize.
When the sharp deadly arrows of the Lord
Are drinking up the spirit, O, 'tis hard
To meet with “ miserable comforters.”
To him that is afflicted, pity show ;

Ye, who enjoy the smiles of Providence!
Your turn may come ; then who will pity you,
If ever you have breath'd a word unkind
To one whose heart was breaking ? God will laugh
At your calamity, and mock at all your fear !

CHARLESTON, *June 26*, 1841.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

“ And one of the elders said unto me, ‘ Weep not.’ ”

ST. JOHN.

O, WEEP not in thy lonely hours,
My Mary ! weep not so ;
If thou couldst hear my spirit-voice,
Thy tears would cease to flow.

I 'd tell thee of thy future home,
Its pure unfading bliss,
Where hearts that once have swell'd with grief
Now swell with happiness.

I 'd tell thee how our angel son
Reclines in Jesus' arms,
Or roams with me these heavenly hills,
Enraptured with their charms.

I 'd tell thee how with seraph's voice
We make these arches ring,

And sound melodious notes of praise
To Heaven's eternal King.

I'd tell thee how with golden wings
We fly at his command,
Who bought for us this heritage —
This fair delightful land.

I'd tell thee how in God's own book
I've read thy title clear,
I know, my own ! my still beloved !
That I shall see thee here.

I'd tell thee of the glorious rest
Remaining yet for thee,
When with thy loved and sainted ones
In Heaven thou shalt be.

I'd tell thee of the honor'd place
The Savior will prepare,
When thou shalt have thy shining crown,
And robes of glory wear.

I'd tell thee how these ransom'd ones
No more shall say farewell,
Forever in these realms of joy
Unparted may we dwell.

I'd tell thee how we long for thee,
And soon expect thee here,
Where all thy sorrows shall be past,
Forgotten every tear.

O, weep not in thy lonely hours,
My Mary! weep not so;
If thou couldst hear my spirit-voice,
Thy tears would cease to flow.

CHARLESTON, *June* 20, 1840.

THE SOLITARY WALK.

ONE sunny day I walk'd abroad,
All balmy was the air ;
The noble Mississippi roll'd
Majestically there.

But nature's smiling beauty brought
No pleasure to my breast,
For gloomy grief sat brooding there,
An uninvited guest.

In vain I strove to drive away
The deep unwelcome gloom,
My fav'rite flowers I heeded not,
In all their summer bloom.

It was the first, the only time,
Since I was left alone,
That I had dared to wander forth,
A solitary one !

And sadly as I moved along
With tott'ring steps and slow,

I bent beneath the pond'rous weight
Of overwhelming woe.

The mem'ry of that dreadful hour
Remaineth with me still ;
And often to my bleeding heart
It sends an icy chill.

I seem'd to tread the earth alone,
The last of human kind ;
I had no power to send afar
My stricken, palsied mind.

For there were those who loved me well,
Who watch'd my early years ;
And many dear ones shed for me
Most agonizing tears.

In Carolina's sunny land,
They wept and pray'd for me ;
But where I was, I had not one
To share my misery !

And was it strange that I should feel
The heaviest weight of gloom,
When those who shared my last sweet walk,
Were silent in the tomb ?

I lean'd upon my husband's arm,
And on him gazed with pride,
And Charley too, my darling boy,
Danced gaily by my side.

There was an old and leafless tree
Laid prostrate by the blast,
And often, in our pleasant walks,
That lonely tree we pass'd.

And when fatigued with rambling long,
It was our resting place ;
For sitting there, we loved to gaze
On nature's glorious face.

It lay upon a verdant hill,
Begirt with beauty round ;
How often, in that varied scene,
A Paradise we found !

The far famed river spread below,
All gemm'd with islands green,
And many a cloud reflected lay
Upon its breast serene.

For there the Mississippi seem'd
A boundless peaceful sea,
A mirror for the fleecy clouds,
And many a forest tree.*

And often, on its bosom fair
Was seen the light canoe,

* The waters of the Mississippi, above the Missouri, are very different in their character from those below. Below, they are, like the Missouri waters, turbulent and muddy ; above, they are singularly tranquil and clear, excepting at the rapids. Bloomington, the scene of the preceding poems, is situated on the western bank of the Mississippi, two or three hundred miles above St. Louis.

Swift darting to some well known place
Where richest berries grew.

While gentle maids, all blithe of heart,
On harmless frolic bent,
(Who 'd left behind each grave Mamma
On household cares intent,)

And gallant youths, in merry mood,
Who row'd each swift canoe,
Gave life and gladness to the scene,
Which seemed forever new.

And here and there, among the trees,
A painted Indian stalked,
With gaudy feathers on his head,
All dancing as he walked.

For many a stately forest chief
Would often wander there,
Among those unfrequented isles
To hunt the antler'd deer.

And where the curling smoke afar
Slow mounted to the skies,
We knew a freighted steamer came,
And soon would greet our eyes.

Perhaps 't would bring us news from home,
Tidings of joy or woe ;
Then would the life blood in our veins
With swifter current flow.

And Charley, springing to my side,
Would watch my anxious face ;
Or throw his arms around my neck,
With childhood's native grace ;

Or, bringing flowers, the fragrant flowers,
The beautiful and rare,
Would climb upon the prostrate tree,
And twine them in my hair.

For he, with youthful buoyancy,
Would never want to rest,
But, hunting for the sweetest flowers,
In richest colors dress'd,

Would bring them to his mother dear,
To wreath around her head :
O, God ! it breaks my heart to think
That noble boy is *dead* !

He was the life of every scene,
The sunshine of my breast ;
He smiled away each gloomy thought
That e'er my heart oppress'd.

But now in loneliness I stood
Beside that very tree,
And mem'ry seemed, in every spot,
My darling boy to see.

But when I gaz'd with earnest eye,
I found the vision fled ;

'Twas but a momentary thought,
My child — my child was dead !

And oh ! I had another woe
I knew not how to bear ;
I *felt*, my husband's words of love
I never more should hear.

I asked my heart, " O, can it be
I am so desolate ? "
My broken heart, with throbbing pain,
Confess'd the mournful fate.

In utter solitude of soul,
I sat me down and wept,
But guardian angels all around
Their watchful station kept.

I heard a voice which said to me,
" Write, Blessed are the dead !
O, weep not that thy dearest ones
Away from earth are fled.

Thy Father called them to his arms,
Ere long he 'll call for thee ;
Then wipe away those bitter tears,
And bow to his decree."

I listen'd to the soothing voice,
And peace return'd again ;
I ask'd for sweet submission, too,
And did not ask in vain.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written after reading the following sentence in one of her letters to Mr. Dana, received by Mrs. D. after his death:—"Come to us, my dear children, as soon as you can."

DEAR Mother ! dear Mother ! *we* cannot come now,
I fly to your arms *alone* ;
Shall I find a soft nest in your dear tender breast,
For the poor, lonely, heart-stricken one ?

Dear Mother ! dear Mother ! the grave it is cold ;
Yet there are my loved ones laid ;
How sweet would it be, if I thought not of thee,
There to cool my poor feverish head !

Dear Mother ! dear Mother ! I long to die,
For my treasures are laid in heaven ;
My husband is there, and my boy is there,
And my brothers and sisters seven !

Dear Mother ! dear Mother ! I 'll live for thee ;
God help me to journey home !
There is always rest on a mother's fond breast ;
I come, dearest Mother, I come !

TO MR. AND MRS. H. N. DAVIS,
OF ST. LOUIS.

My kind friends will excuse this public mention of their hospitality to an afflicted stranger. I love to hold up to view the bright spots in the human character ; and I do it now, not entirely as a compliment to them, (for they know the deep well of gratitude that is ever springing in my heart,) but it is for the sake of the afflicted — of the stranger — of those who may be in need of the kindness and hospitality of their fellow men ; it is for an example to those who may have an opportunity to “ do likewise.”

I CAME a stranger lone and sad,
Whose earthly prop was gone,
And ye outstretch'd your shelt'ring arms
For me to lean upon ;
And clasp'd me warmly to your breasts,
As though I were your own ;
O, who can prize a friendly heart
Like one who 's *all alone* ?

The husband of my love is dead —
But ye my griefs have soothed ;
And the rough pathway of this world
• Your tenderness has smoothed ;

O, bless you — bless you — friendly hearts !
Ye sweetly tell my fears,
This world is not a desert quite,
Nor all a vale of tears.

Some verdant spots of smiling green
Lie scatter'd here and there,
On which the sun of friendship shines,
The sadden'd heart to cheer ;
And ye have done a kinder deed,
O, well tried friends and true,
Than ever, in your hours of joy,
I could have done for you.

My widow'd heart is stricken sore,
With yet another woe :
O, once I had the loveliest boy —
But he too lieth low !
The father and his darling son
Are now together laid
In those dark graves which speak for me,
A childless widow made !

In two short days they both were dead ;
And when I call'd my own,
No cheerful voices answer'd me,
For, O ! *I was alone !*
They were not mine — I thought them so,
But He who kindly gave,
As kindly took them to himself,
Their souls and mine to save.

The great deliv'rance came to them
From sin, and pain, and woe ;
To me, a severing of the ties
That bound my heart below.
O, then, it was a hand of love,
Which wrote their early fate
To leave a treach'rous world, while I
In silence am to wait.

O, bless you — bless you — friendly hearts !
In all this earthly woe,
Ye kindly took me to your home,
And did your love bestow ;
Ye love me, tender hearts and true,
I hear it in each tone !
I see it in your swimming eyes,
And feel I 'm not alone !

ST. LOUIS, *October 10, 1839.*

THE CHANGE.

Written on board the steamboat Gov. Shelby, on the Mississippi river, October 20th, 1839.

WHY do I stand so silently,
With folded arms and tearful eye ?
Hour after hour thus I spend,
Immers'd in thoughts which know no end.

It was not thus in days gone by,
When heart and hands found full employ,
When earth's attachments warm'd my breast,
And earth's engagements shared my rest.

But now, dejected and alone,
My busy thoughts are all I own,
Thoughts often sad as parting sighs,
When long cemented union dies ;

But oft'ner sweet as greeting tears,
When separations end with years ;

When nought the union shall destroy,
And tears alone can speak the joy.

In such a meeting does my heart
By expectation bear a part,
When, free from sin, and earth's alloy,
I'll greet my husband and my boy.

But meetings in that world of bliss,
Are never tearful as in this ;
For every tear is wiped away,
And every eye beams bright as day.

I know my loved ones I shall see,
With arms outstretch'd to welcome me ;
Their angel voices I shall hear,
Sounding my rapt'rous welcome there.

They'll lead me to my Savior's feet,
Whom more than all I long to meet,
And in one thrilling note of joy
I'll join my husband and my boy !

It could not be a tyrant's nod,
Which call'd them to that bright abode ;
It must have been a Father's hand,
Which led them to the promis'd land.

My stately tree, and beauteous flower,
Shall never droop or wither more ;
Transplanted to a genial clime,
They flourish in immortal prime.

“They are not lost — they ’re gone before ;”
My weary days shall soon be o’er,
When all that’s dark shall flee away
Before the dawn of heavenly day.

O, then, my soul ! be thankful still,
And bow thee to thy Father’s will ;
His arm shall be thy constant stay,
Till thou art sweetly call’d away.

I charge my footsteps softly tread
The same dark way the Savior led ;
My trembling feet shall never slide,
With such a Savior at my side.

DON'T CRY, MY MOTHER!

'Twas on a tranquil summer's morn,
My gentle boy and I,
Fatigued, had laid us down, to rest
From sporting joyously ;
He 'd close his laughing violet eyes,
Then slyly peep at me ;
And shake his curly auburn locks,
And laugh right merrily.

A welcome letter came from home,
That home was distant far ;
But though I left it long ago,
'Twas still my polar star.
O, home — sweet home ! in joy or woe,
My heart will turn to thee,
Awake — asleep — my thoughts are thine,
Home of my infancy !

'Twas there my childhood's years flew by
In heartfelt happiness,

'Twas there I learn'd what magic power
The darkest hour could bless —
'Twas there I learn'd what love could do,
Love first, my God ! to thee !
And there I gave my heart to *him*
Whose love was bliss to me.

But now sad news had come from home,
That one I loved was dead,
And, weeping sorely, on the couch
I bowed my mournful head.
“ Don't cry, my Mother ! ” soft and sad,
My little darling said ;
But, ah ! I only wept the more —
His cousin Charles * was *dead* !

“ Don't cry, my mother ! ” once again,
In trembling tones I heard,
And, struggling with my grief, I strove
To speak one soothing word.
My little Charley's eyes were dim,
And one unconscious tear
Roll'd slowly down his velvet cheek ;
My grief he could not bear.

So far his little life had been
One smiling April day,
And I was wrong to cloud it o'er ;
But grief must have its way ;

* CHARLES HENRY LANNEAU, who died in Charleston, in 1839, aged 6 years.

I kiss'd away the stranger tears,
And smiled upon my boy,
And then his little angel face
Was lighted up with joy.

And soon he slept — then, O, how sweet
The luxury of grief!
To let the pent up feelings flow,
And find in tears relief!
And, ere he woke, a solemn calm
Sweet o'er my spirit stole,
I had applied for Gilead's balm —
It came, and soothed my soul.

But now, alas! I weep again!
And weep more burning tears;
And weep *alone*! no lovely child
To soothe my grief appears;
No husband near — how sad! how strange!
He who was all to me —
Who soothed me — cheer'd me — loved me so —
O, this *is* agony!

My God! my God! I weep for *them*!
Yet ne'er will I repine;
O, help me, Father! those I loved,
In silence to resign!
Shall I, from thine all-bounteous hand,
Receive so sweet a boon,
And, when thou call'st them to thyself,
Not give thee back *thine own*?

Hark! hark! that little cherub voice,
Sounds gently in mine ear,
In tones of angel harmony,
"Don't cry, my mother dear!
O, wipe away those flowing tears,
If we *could* sorrow here,
'T would be to see thee mourn for us;
Don't cry, my mother dear!"

NEW ORLEANS, *October 25, 1839.*

TO MY HUSBAND'S PICTURE.

WHEN I can steal a moment alone,
I gaze on thine image, my sainted one !
And turn away with a heavy heart,
For, O, my love ! we are far apart ;
Thou art in Heaven, and I below,
A mourning widow, in weeds of woe.

I teach my heart to rejoice for thee,
O, glorified spirit ! for thou art free !
And though thou lovest me still, my dear !
I know thou would'st rather not be here ;
Thou knowest that God will take care of me,
And bring me soon to Heaven and thee !

Perhaps thou art hovering o'er me now,
And watching me better than when below ;
Perhaps the delightful work is thine,
To keep thy vigils o'er me and mine ;
To soothe my sorrows and dry my tears,
T' encourage my hopes and quell my fears.

Yes — I will fancy that thou art near,
And whisperest often in my ear,
And believe that thou comest not alone,
But bringest with thee our angel son ;
O, my darlings! is it not sweet,
Though in different worlds, in spirit to meet ?

Do ye not know that I can say,
Strength has been equal to my day ?
Have ye not heard that my tearful eye
Oft glances upward in ecstasy,
And feasts on visions of future joy,
With thee, my husband, and thee, my boy ?

Ye have seen what here I cannot see,
The stores of mercy laid up for me ;
Ye have known what here I cannot know,
Why our Father has laid me low ;
The wonderful secrets of infinite love
Are only known in the world above.

Then, sainted husband ! I'll surely try
Rejoicing to live as well as die ;
Thou wert always grieved to see me sad,
And ever pleased when my heart was glad ;
But may I not shed *one* tender tear,
When I gaze on thy picture *alone*, my dear ?

CHARLESTON, *January 11, 1840.*

“REJOICE WITH THOSE WHO DO
REJOICE.”

YE whom I fondly loved ! my dearest joys
Were treasured up in you ;
And a bright store of cherish'd earthly bliss,
The future brought to view ;
'Twas an illusive scene — that picture fair
Hope's rainbow pencil drew ;
Those Eden bowers have faded, and those walks
Where brightest flowers grew,
Now echo not the sound of lightsome steps ;
Those flowers, pale and few,
Close up their faded petals mournfully,
Nor drink the balmy dew ;
But I — I will no longer vainly droop
O'er such a scene as this ;
For I am blest, ye happy shining ones !
In all your blessedness !

Ye were the idols of my secret heart,
Enshrined and worshiped there ;

And I, well pleas'd with my dear household gods,
Found earth too bright and fair ;
No cloud seem'd gathering in gloomy wrath,
To tell the storm was near ;
It came, as comes the midnight lightning's flash,
With sudden lurid glare ;
And left as dark a night within the heart,
And chill'd the soul with fear ;
Gone is the altar of my idol love,
No burning fires are there ;
But I—I gaze where beams th' eternal sun
Of bright celestial bliss ;
For I rejoice, ye glorious shining ones !
In all your joyfulness !

CHARLESTON, *June 20*, 1840.

TO MY DEAR DEPARTED FRIEND.

BELOVED ! no — I will not wish for thee,
Nor call thee from thy dear delightful home !
Resign'd and patient still, O, let me be,
While 'tis my lot in loneliness to roam.

Soon — soon — beloved ! I shall go to thee ;
The longest life is short — time flies apace ;
I know 'tis well thou canst not come to me,
Then would I loiter in my heavenly race.

O, 'twas an evil and a bitter thing,
When I, forsaking thee, my Father God !
With all my heart to earth's delights did cling,
And brought upon myself thy chast'ning rod.

Then let me bear it — though it break my heart ;
I'll bless the hand that keeps me in the way ;
And if again from thee my steps depart,
O, send the rod, lest I forever stray.

JUNE 16, 1841.

MY SISTER.*

I.

Ah me! the joyous scenes of other days
Are crowding on my view. The mental eye
Is aching from the long and ardent gaze
On these bright pictures of my memory.
I am in danger of idolatry;
It were not well to idolize the past,
And so forget the present. Blessings lie
All — all around me, but I vainly cast
A longing eye to things that were too bright to last.

II.

Sweet vine, that creep'st along the lattice work
Of my dear western window! where the beams
Of the departing sun do wanton lurk
To kiss thy blushing flowers, or with bright gleams

* My sister, JANE KEITH PALMER, died in New York, May 27th, 1837, aged 22 years.

"Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." — Mark v. 39.

To peep through all thine ever opening seams,
When gentle breezes are at play with thee!
Dear to my heart thy curtain'd verdure! Dreams
Of former joyous days thou bring'st to me,
When as a child I roam'd where vines were waving
free.

III.

I do bethink me of the jessamine,
The pride of Carolina's early spring!
Whene'er to swell the yellow buds begin,
Their odors fly on every breezy wing,
And far and near the delicate perfume fling.
And when the fragrant flowers have opened wide,
While to the forest pines the tendrils cling,
It is a sight to raise a Southron's pride,
To see on lofty boughs the golden flowers ride.

IV.

I'd leave the city gardens when our own
Sweet jessamines are blooming. Fairy land
Is not more beautiful, than when, full blown,
The jasmine, gilt by the Creator's hand,
Hangs all around us. Then 'tis sweet to stand,
At early morning, with a friend we love,
Beneath our fragrant bowers, while pure and bland,
The playful zephyrs o'er the flow'rets move,
And bring a perfumed breath from many a dewy grove.

V.

I had a gentle sister once ; and, O,
I have one now ; but she of whom I sing —
Our Jane — was in an early grave laid low,
A victim to the stern relentless king,
Whose arrows sharp are ever on the wing —
Who “ loves a lofty mark.” O, when she died,
I lost a friend indeed ; my heart did cling
To her sweet love, and in that love confide ;
For though more young than I, she was my frequent
guide.

VI.

How often have we roved together, where
Our fav’rite jasmine grew, and sat us down
To twine a wreath each in the other’s hair ;
Or tax’d our skill to form a golden crown,
Forgetful that the sun would soon embrown
Our city faces with his kisses rude !
Nor cared we for the dull and dusty town,
When we could wander through the lonely wood,
And feel in all their power the sweets of sisterhood.

VII.

I’m never weary of a country life,
Where tedious city noises ne’er intrude ;
O, I have sicken’d when the jarring strife
Of various sounds has reach’d my solitude —
Discordant gabblings of the city brood !
’Mid rural scenes my thoughts all tranquil flow,

Attired in many a sweet similitude,
For poets much to rural emblems owe,
The great domain of nature is their studio.

VIII.

My sister had a poet's eye and heart ;
Ye'll not deny she had a poet's face !
For ye could often see the teardrop start,
And many a proof of high wrought feeling trace
In every delicate feature's changefulness.
If early she had not been call'd to die,
She might have found an enviable place,
Amid that throng who've gain'd distinction high
By clothing burning thoughts in sweetest poetry.

IX.

My fellow man, despise not poetry !
It is "a holy thing" — it is the chain
Electric, hanging from the glorious sky.
Touch it — it is a sov'reign cure for pain —
A remedy not often tried in vain.
Ye suff'ring hearts ! the poet toils for you,
And while he toils, himself doth comfort gain ;
He seeks your path with fragrant flowers to strew,
And, while he plants them there, enjoys their fragrance
too.

X.

A real poet is a friend to man,
And I will aye revere the sacred name ;

He is in truth a skilful artisan,
And his material is thought. The flame
That burns within the poet's breast, doth aim
To purify the thoughts of every mind,
And place them in a brightly gilded frame,
For curious posterity enshrined;
And thus he ever seeks to elevate mankind.

XI.

This was my sister's aim. She lived to bless
And comfort all around her. Discontent
Was banish'd from her bosom. Tenderness
Its beaming softness to her features lent,
And made each gentle movement eloquent.
And she was gifted too. She could delight
Her friends with many a sweet accomplishment:
Her voice was music — and her sportive wit
Made her of old and young the general favorite.

XII.

She had a soul attuned in sweet accord,
Responsive to the bard's melodious lay,
Or when in mournful strains his voice was heard,
Or when he sang in tuneful numbers gay;
Each trembling chord within her breast would play
Like an Æolian harp, with concord sweet;
And though no sound her feelings would betray,
Her soul was all with melody replete —
O, it was music's self — an instrument complete.

XIII.

Was she not lovely ? Ye who loved her, tell !
Was she not gifted ? Ye who knew her, say !
The love ye bore her speaks your answer well.
Your falling tears did more than words convey,
When it was told you she had pass'd away —
She, who had won the warm enduring love
Alike of old and young, of grave and gay !
Ye speak of her as one who dwells above ;
I want no other words your high regard to prove.

XIV.

Some would have thought her cheek a shade too pale,
Or that her lovely languid eye lack'd fire ;
For fair she was as lily of the vale,
And 'neath her snowy lids would oft retire
Her gentle eyes ; but this provoked desire
To see those eyes once more ; for what is rare
And seldom seen, we always most admire ;
Some eyes of liquid love more dang'rous are,
Than eyes of sparkling light that shame the evening
star.

XV.

She lack'd the beauty of "a damask'd skin,"
But there were roses lying near at hand,
To spring into her cheek ; oft from within
They came, call'd up at feeling's high command,
And on the glowing surface long remain'd.
O, she *was* beautiful, when her soft eye

Would speak the feelings all could understand,
And on her cheek glow'd heaven-born sympathy !
O, sympathy ! thou hast strange power to beautify.

XVI.

There stands a country church within a wood,
Embower'd by branches green — a vocal shade,
Where all the livelong week to solitude
Gay plumaged birds their cheerful music made.
How often have we there together strayed,
In sweet retirement long hours to spend —
To listen to the warbled serenade,
Or talk of many a dear departed friend ;
Or, to our absent ones, our wishful thoughts to send.

XVII.

O, that my friends would ever think of me
In such dear solitudes, far, far away
From this world's bustle. Then fond memory
Can take a long and undisturb'd survey
Of scenes long past, in beautiful array.
'Mid nature's peaceful shades they will forget
The wayward follies of my life's short day,
And only think of me with fond regret,
And link my name with many a pleasing epithet.

XVIII.

So may I be remembered, when my heart
Has ceased its beating ! — when the purple tide
Has curdled in my veins, that used t' impart

Life, health, and vigor to me. Glorified
Then may my spirit be ! But this beside
I wish, that those who 've known and loved me here,
In lonely hours would sometimes turn aside,
O, not to weep beside my early bier,
But just to think of me as one to mem'ry dear.

XIX.

Sweet sister ! thus thy friends remember thee ;
They do not wildly weep, and mourn thy fate,
Thus early call'd to that eternity
Where perfect joys the ransom'd soul await.
O, not with tears and hearts disconsolate
Art thou lamented ! While we mourn our loss,
'Tis joy on thy great bliss to meditate ;
And thus we learn to count as only dross,
All other objects save our dear Redeemer's cross.

XX.

That cross, my sister ! was thy constant theme ;
Earth's evanescent pleasures could not lure
Thy heart from him who had thy love supreme.
No, dearest ! rather would that heart endure
The utmost strength of persecution's power,
Than e'er deny the friend who died for thee !
But now, dear angel ! now thou art secure
From sorrow, and from sin's dark tyranny !
Yes ! thou art safe in Heaven, from sin and sorrow
free !

XXI.

That head that lean'd upon our mother's breast
With such a fond confiding tenderness —
That often aching head, is now at rest !
O, 't would be sweet once more thy form to press
Close to my loving heart ; but motionless
That form now lies beneath the silent sod !
Well — rest thee there, in sweet forgetfulness,
Till glorious life shall visit thine abode,
And thou shalt rise to dwell forevermore with God !

XXII.

When shall I sleep as thou art sleeping now,
To wake no more till waken'd by the sound
Of the archangel's trumpet ? Here below
I would not always dwell. The cold damp ground
Has sweeter charms for me than can be found
On downy pillow. I shall not be free
Till pale faced mourners shall my grave surround,
And many a faithful friend who loveth me,
Shall seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.

XXIII.

For my poor heart is often full of grief —
All seems so dark around me. Stubborn fate
Has left me like a seared autumn leaf,
Nearly alone. Whene'er I meditate
On my once peaceful, joyful, blest estate,
And think how chang'd are all my prospects now,
My *future* joys I must anticipate,

Else would I 'neath the weight of anguish bow,
And gloom, dark frowning gloom, would overcloud my
brow.

XXIV.

The very things my soul refused to touch *
Are as my sorrowful meat. O, woe is me !
For all night long with tears I wet my couch,
And peaceful thoughts far from my pillow flee ;
O, God ! let loose thy hand, and set me free !
How can I live — for is my strength of stones,
Or is my flesh of brass ? Woe, woe is me !
The livelong day my breath is turned to groans ;
My God has troubled me, and broken all my bones.

XXV.

But cease, desponding heart ! To Heaven lift
With earnest faith thine agonizing cry,
And ask for patience. Patience is a gift
Of rare attainment. — Disappointments try —
Severely try our frail humanity,
And chafe the delicate framework of the mind,
Unless 'tis steel'd by patience. O, may I
Be sweetly to my Father's will resign'd,
And thus 'mid all my woes, I still may comfort find.

XXVI.

How many cares do press the soul to earth,
Nor can we rid us of them ! How they cling

* Complaint of Job.

To love, to friendship! Ah! they have their birth
Where love and friendship reign; for every thing
Our loved ones feel, we feel. Their sorrows wring
Our inmost hearts. The hardest grief to bear
Is that of others when we cannot bring
Joy to the stricken heart, nor wipe the tear,
Nor cure the countless ills of which we daily hear.

XXVII.

I *will* not mourn my loved ones who are dead;
I know they are in Heaven. O, happy thought!
Sorrow, away! He who on Calv'ry bled
For all who love him, has redemption bought,
And for the soul a righteousness has wrought,
So pure, so spotless, that the King of kings
Will look upon it, and refuse it not!
Fly, fly, my soul, on faith's triumphant wings,
Nor grovel here on earth, amid these gloomy things!

XXVIII.

There is an hour which cometh unto all —
A solemn trying hour that must be met;
'Tis when the damps of death around us fall,
As night dews gather ere the sun is set.
When comes that hour to me, I'll not forget
The only friend, whose friendship can avail
To bear me safely through "death's iron gate" —
To chase away the foes who dare assail
My trembling, dying heart, when flesh and spirit fail.

XXIX.

My sister Jane ! I did not see thee die,
Though I was near thee when thy spirit fled ;
It nearly broke my heart to think that I
Could not be bending o'er thy dying bed —
Supporting in mine arms thy fainting head !
It was God's holy will to lay me low,
And, ere I left my couch, O, thou wert dead !
It pleased my Father that it should be so,
And I will not repine, my heavenly Father ! No !

XXX.

And she — our sole surviving sister — who
Did love thee, dearest ! with such tenderness,
In thy last hour was absent from thee too !
Well, all is right — and we must acquiesce
In God's most wise appointments, and confess
That he doth all things well — so let it be !
Yes, holy Father ! and thy name we bless,
That our sweet sister was so dear to thee —
One of thy chosen ones, from all eternity !

XXXI.

But she was not alone when death was near ;
For, though so far from her dear southern home,
Her father, mother, brother, all were there !
And her adopted sister too had come
To see her loved one die. That silent room
Was not by hireling strangers occupied,
Whisp'ring their wonder at thine early doom ;

No — no — it was not thus my sister died —
Her own belov'd ones stood her dying bed beside.

XXXII.

My brother rais'd her in his own fond arms,
But just before her eager spirit fled ;
She smiled as if she saw seraphic charms,
And in another moment she was dead !
I heard a voice of weeping, and I said
To one who watch'd beside me, "Do you hear
That sound ? What is it ?" She this answer made,
"'Tis nothing." Soon it died upon my ear,
And then I sank to sleep, not dreaming death was
there.

XXXIII.

And my dear angel sister was in Heaven !
A happy spirit — grief and anguish o'er —
All suff'rings ended — all her sins forgiven —
Safe landed on that bright immortal shore
Beyond cold Jordan's stream ! O, never more
Could mortal sickness waste her feeble frame !
No, sister, no ! Death had no further power
To harm thee. Like a long forgotten dream
Did all thy woes — thy pains — thine earthly sorrows
seem.

XXXIV.

There was a deathlike stillness — but the truth
Ne'er flash'd upon me, till the morning came,

That the beloved companion of my youth
Had passed away. I knew her suff'ring frame ·
Grew weaker every day — I knew the flame
Of life was burning with a feeble light,
But when the taper gave its parting gleam,
I knew it not ! Her spirit took its flight
While I was wrapt in sleep, that sad eventful night.

XXXV.

I should not call it sad. It was not sad !
When morning came, they told me life had fled ;
I saw my father's brow with paleness clad,
I saw my mother raise her aching head,
And they both told me that our Jane was dead —
But that she was in Heaven ! Then all drew near,
And, while they knelt around, my father pray'd ;
He held my thin pale hand — and, O, that prayer !
His solemn deep toned voice e'en now I seem to
hear !

XXXVI.

Well — let that pass. My honor'd father lives —
I must not praise the living. But I may
Implore of Him who every blessing gives,
Long, long to spare him to us. Yes, I pray,
My heavenly Father ! that the trying day
Of separation may not quickly come ;
Take not my few remaining friends away ;
Hide not my loved ones in the envious tomb,
Unless it please thee first to take my spirit home.

XXXVII.

They told me she look'd beautiful in death,
My lovely sister ! and I long'd to see
That calm repose ; for with her parting breath
There came a look of peace — of ecstasy,
Which settled on her features. Eagerly
I prayed I might be carried to her side,
To gaze upon the face so dear to me ;
And in a moment arms were open'd wide —
My husband's faithful arms ; and I was gratified !

CHARLESTON, *July* 8, 1841.

TO A SISTER, IN THE REPOSE
OF DEATH.

SLEEP on, sweet sister! holy joy
Sits on thy placid brow;
No sudden anguish can destroy
Thy peaceful slumbers now.

Sleep on — sleep on — and I will pray
That I may rest like thee,
When comes the pris'ner's ransom day,
My life's great jubilee!

Sleep on! 'tis long since thou hast known
A sweet release from pain;
Dear angel, bowing near the throne!
Thou canst not weep again!

Sleep on — sleep on — thy work is done!
I must not mourn for thee!
I wish thee joy, thou ransom'd one!
Thou hast thy liberty!

NEW YORK, *May* 24, 1837.

TO MY ONLY SISTER.

My last — my only one !
O, leave me not alone —
 Bereft of all !
May we together go,
That those we leave below
May o'er us lightly throw
 One funeral pall !

I would not from thee part,
Thou of the gentle heart,
 And dove-like mien !
Go not, my only one !
As those we loved have gone ;
Who, passing gently on,
 No more are seen.

Theirs is the peaceful home,
And ours the lonely gloom
 Of parted love ;
We hear their evening hymn
As some remember'd dream ;

Sweet whisp'rer does it seem
Of songs above !

In fair immortal bowers
Of amaranthine flowers,
They sweetly dwell ;
Pain cannot enter there,
Nor dark foreboding fear,
Nor dull, corroding care,
Nor sad farewell !

How many cherish'd ones,
Array'd in sparkling crowns,
Shall greet us there !
There are our treasures laid,
Earth's love, immortal made,
Shall never, never fade,
But grow more fair.

Pass not away from earth,
And from thy peaceful hearth,
And leave me here !
When thy freed spirit flies
To seek its native skies,
Then, too, may I arise,
And enter there !

CHARLESTON, *June* 28, 1840.

MY BROTHER.*

I.

KIND friends! bear with me but a moment more,
My tales of death are nearly ended now;
'Tis sad I must repeat them o'er and o'er.
If by these mournful lines, on any brow
I cause a cloud to gather, O, do Thou
Whose love can turn the darkest night to day,
Dispel the gloomy clouds, and me endow
With power to sing a sweetly soothing lay,
And by religion's light to chase the gloom away.

II.

Yet all have sorrows — all are called to mourn;
There lives no man who has not bid farewell
To youthful joys that never will return.
Then patient listen to the mourner's tale,
And if perchance your gentle bosoms swell

* My brother, ISAAC STOCKTON KEITH PALMER, died in Havana, Green County, Alabama, February 10, 1839, aged 26 years.

“Thy brother shall rise again.” — JOHN xi. 23.

With sympathetic feeling, breathe a prayer
For all who in the vale of sorrow dwell,
That pitying Heaven would grant them strength to bear
The woes they but increase by yielding to despair.

III.

Like an oasis in the desert wild,
Is the sweet sympathy of tender hearts
To the sad mourner — sorrow's weeping child!
O, when the bitter tear of anguish starts,
When every cheering ray of hope departs,
When tides of sorrow o'er the bosom roll,
And pleasure vainly tries her dazzling arts,
If aught on earth can soothe the stricken soul,
Sweet sympathy will oft grief's raging tide control.

IV.

But let me with my mournful task proceed;
'Tis pleasing, though 'tis mournful. I have said
How my dear brother, in her hour of need,
Stood near his darling sister's dying bed,
And on his bosom held her drooping head.
But ah, sad thought! I have no brother now!
He too is number'd with the silent dead!
When the strong hand of death shall lay *me* low,
O, he will not be near, to wipe my cold damp brow!

V.

'Twas sad to see him when our sister died,
Struggling to bear his grief composedly;

For they had "grown together — side by side ;"
And it was rare such perfect love to see
As was their love. But they were not to be
Divided long. Ere one short year had pass'd,
Our tender mother's penetrating eye
Saw that disease a with'ring blow had cast
Upon her only son, and he was failing fast.

VI.

'Tis much to say his mother was his friend ;
For this implies such holy confidence,
As will at once his filial heart commend ;
And we may draw this wise conclusion thence,
That both were worthy ; for kind Providence
Hath so arranged this sweet relationship,
That faithfulness will bring its recompense.
Who sows the seed will aye the harvest reap —
A faithful mother will her son's affections keep.

VII.

Good mothers make good men. It is a truth
With few exceptions, that the great and good
Have learn'd such lessons in their earliest youth,
That, like attendant angels, they have stood
Close by their side in hours of solitude,
There, by the charms of mem'ry, to arrest
Each thought of vice, whene'er it would intrude
Into the heart. O, those are truly blest,
Who drink the purest virtue at their mother's breast.

VIII.

Few lose the mem'ry of a mother's love ;
Few go so far from virtue, that they ne'er
Think of the hand that pointed them above ;
The lips that whisper'd in their infant ear ;
The eyes that often shed affection's tear.
I speak of Christian mothers. There are those
Who lead the way in folly's mad career,
Who never speak of Heaven's blest repose,
Or tell in accents sweet, of Sharon's deathless Rose.

IX.

How often, in the tender sprouting time
Of early youth, the plant receives a blight !
Or the young vine, that upward loves to climb,
Creeps on the ground from careless oversight,
Needing a friendly hand to train it right !
Then let the tree of knowledge flourish near,
To give the clinging vine support, and bright
Will be the clustering flowers that vine will bear,
And rich reviving fruit, man's drooping heart to cheer.

X.

"Knowledge is power." 'Tis a trite remark,
But true. 'Tis power for good or ill ;
With ever bright'ning flame it lights the dark
Uneven path to Zion's holy hill,
Which else had been to mortals darken'd still,
Or fires the magazine so full of things
Combustible — man's unregenerate will.

Knowledge gives pain or joy. To earth it clings,
Or to the highest Heaven it soars with eagle wings.

XI.

My brother's gifted mind was furnish'd well
With earthly knowledge, and with heavenly.
I've often seen, as words of wisdom fell
From lips so young, surprise light up the eye,
When those who knew not his attainments high
Held converse with him. From his earliest years,
His eager mind with such intensity
Sought after knowledge, that, oppress'd with fears,
His parents oft would shed most sad foreboding tears :

XII.

For when they saw his cheek grow thin and pale,
And saw the lustre fading from his eye,
What wonder if their anxious hearts did fail
Within them ? Oft they fear'd that he would die
A victim to that slow, sure malady —
The fever of the mind. Their only son —
Their gifted son he was ; yet silently
They saw disease at work ; that work begun,
How surely speeds it on, until at length — 'tis done !

XIII.

How often is the meed of fame obtain'd
At vast expense ; by blood, and groans, and tears !
But he who immortality has gain'd
By lightening the load of human cares,

Or teaching men true wisdom, passing years
Dim not the glory of his deathless fame :
For each succeeding age its witness bears
To things which ever must attention claim,
And shed a living light upon their author's name.

XIV.

Lo ! on the mount where fame's proud temple towers,
All things look beautiful to those below ;
And trees of life, and amaranthine flowers,
Immortal there in bright luxuriance grow,
And streams with soft melodious murmurs flow.
Lured by the view, ambition's vot'ries press
To reach th' inviting spot which charm'd them so ;
But many a man who there has gain'd access,
Has gain'd it at th' expense of health and happiness.

XV.

Then what to him the glory of renown —
The loud tongued welcome to the realms of fame —
The nymphs who wait his weary brow to crown,
And sing with voices sweet his honor'd name ?
How sinks his heart who hears the loud acclaim,
But sees the landscape fading from his eye,
And feels that he has overtask'd his frame,
And spent his life to reach the summit high !
Just as his end is gain'd, he lays him down — to die !

XVI.

'Tis sad — 'tis sad ! but if his aim has been
To plant with deathless flowers man's rugged way,
What matters it if he must leave the scene,
And die upon his coronation day ?
Bright round his head immortal glories play ;
'Tis joy to think he has not lived in vain ;
For every tear that he has wiped away,
An angel comes to cool his burning brain,
Attend his dying couch, and mitigate his pain.

XVII.

My brother cared not for this world's applause ;
He long'd to be a minister of God,
Well furnish'd for his work. His object was
To preach the blessed gospel, but the rod
Was often held above him, while he trod
The path of learning. Sickness often came,
And to his failing heart his weakness show'd ;
But still within his bosom burn'd the flame
Of love to dying men, and to the Savior's name.

XVIII.

In early youth religion was his choice —
His solemn choice ; and one might often hear,
In some retired place, his deep toned voice —
That voice so like his father's — rais'd in prayer,
When, with his young companions, gather'd there,
He'd kneel before the mercy seat, and fly
On wings of faith above this world of care.

Thus while to Heaven he turn'd his constant eye,
He heeded not, nor loved, the vain world's flattery.

XIX.

That man is blest, who ne'er, with greedy ears,
Drank in the sounds of flatt'ry's silver tongue ;
He feels himself a man, who never cares
To hear his name on fame's loud tocsin rung,
Content to be unnoticed and unsung !
He who, with stern integrity of soul,
Moves on, earth's fawning sycophants among,
Has that within himself which can control
Deep sorrow's darkest waves, and make them back-
ward roll.

XX.

Who cares not to be prais'd or paragraph'd,
Is wise — is happy. Better 'tis to be
Too low to make a mark for envy's shaft,
Than be so high that thousands bow the knee.
The happiest men are men of low degree,
Cheerful, contented with their humble lot,
With minds enlighten'd, and with thoughts all free,
Who have no restless cares, of pride begot,
Nor envy others' fame, because they have it not.

XXI.

I'd rather gaze at earth's proud pageantry,
Than be a part o' the show. I love to hide
Far from the envious world's malignant eye,

And calmly down the ever flowing tide
Of this short life, in humble silence glide.
I'm weary of the never ending chase
After the world's esteem — its pomp and pride!
Then grant me, Heaven! some secret hiding place,
Till I shall sweetly rest — asleep in death's embrace.

XXII.

O, let me feel the almost heavenly bliss —
The calm contentment of humility!
There never was a plainer truth than this;
“*Peu connue, peu troublée.*” * I long to be
Unnoticed and unknown; my actions free —
Untrammel'd by proud fashion's stern decrees.
O, this is life! to bow the willing knee
Alone to God, and, with a mind at ease,
To catch the gales of Heaven in every passing breeze.

XXIII.

I hate “that solemn vice of greatness — pride!” †
'Tis like an angel to be truly great,
Yet truly humble. He who seeks to hide
His virtuous deeds, shall sweetly meditate
In lonely hours, and thus anticipate
The peace of Heaven. The man of noble mind,
Whom earth's loud praises never can elate,
Has fix'd his anchor where no storms unkind
Can shake his steadfast soul, to every storm resign'd.

* Motto of Hortense Beauharnais.

† Ben Jonson.

XXIV.

But whither have I wander'd ? 'Tis my fault
T' assume an attitude belligerent,
And with a wordy war my foes t' assault !
My words are harmless, let me give them vent,
Nor in my bosom harbor discontent ;
Things, and not persons, are my enemies.
And if I stay to pluck a flower, and paint
Its unpretending beauties to your eyes,
O, follow for awhile my restless vagaries.

XXV.

My brother left us soon. His heart was sad,
And all were sad around him. Who could say
What was before us ? Hearts one moment clad
In robes of joy, another moment may
Be dress'd in sorrow's sables. Happy they,
Who in the bosom of the Savior dwell,
And find a refuge there in grief's dark day.
The parting came — how did each bosom swell,
When, with a silent kiss, he told us all farewell !

XXVI.

And as he turn'd he dash'd a tear away ;
For he must feel a pang who says "farewell ;"
Yet 'tis a word that all have had to say.
To me it ever seems a mournful knell ;
And, when I hear it, tides of sorrow swell
My heart, and busy mem'ry brings to me
Full many a by-gone hour, whose potent spell

Returns with all its weight of agony.
O, parting scenes! too vividly ye come to me!

XXVII.

He left us. 'Twas a blessing soon to hear
That he had comforted his aching heart
By the sweet power of love. O, what can cheer
Man's heart, like woman's love? What can impart
Such healing balm? What else remove the dart
Still rankling in the bosom? Thou hast proved,
O, gentle Love! full well thy healing art! —
One of Virginia's fairest daughters loved
Our stricken one, and thus the deadly dart remov'd.

XXVIII.

O, Love! thy presence sweetens all below!
Thou art the sunshine of life's dreary road;
Or, 'mid the storm, thou art the cheering bow
Held up before us by the hand of God!
He who has long life's devious pathway trod,
And knows that sorrow is man's certain doom,
Needs one to help him bear each heavy load.
In search of bliss man never ought to roam,
When lovely woman is the polar star of home.

XXIX.

Love timid flies the busy haunts of men;
The dear domestic altar is his throne;
One word unkind may break his blissful reign;
He goes where willing hearts his empire own,

And takes alarm at one disloyal tone.
 And if he spread his ever active wings,
 O, sue for pardon quick — or he is gone !
 And as he flies, this farewell truth he sings,
 Experience oft too late, a sad repentance brings.

XXX.

My brother loved, and was beloved again.
 The peerless maid whose love his heart did bless,
 Held his affections by a golden chain,
 All unalloy'd. Much in her artless grace,
 And in her soul-subduing gentleness,
 Did she resemble her who was in Heaven —
 Our sainted sister ; and her sweet fair face,
 So like to hers, seem'd a dear token given
 To comfort all our hearts, so deeply sorrow-riven.

XXXI.

He led her to the altar, where their hands,
 Those willing hands, by one who lately died *
 Were join'd with Hymen's life-enduring bands ;
 Their hearts were one before. The fair young
 bride —
 The lily of Virginia, by the side
 Of Carolina's son stood modestly,
 While on them gazed fond parents in their pride.
 It is a sight that all must love to see —
 A youthful pair thus join'd by Heaven's most kind
 decree !

* The late Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D.

XXXII.

But he was call'd to leave her for awhile,
To seek a home in a more genial clime,
Far in the south, where nature seems to smile
The livelong year. Her soft blue eye grew dim
With pearly tears, that gather'd to the brim,
And overflow'd their fountain, when she heard
That he must leave her. Who could comfort him
As she could? Yet 'twas winter; and he fear'd
T' expose his precious one, till all was well prepared.

XXXIII.

They parted — full of hope — yet griev'd to part;
Nor knew they that a worm was at the core
Of that young husband's rich confiding heart;
Our mother saw her son not long before,
And her prophetic eye discover'd more
In his wan cheek, than other eyes could see;
She heard his "trifling" cough, and o'er and o'er,
She caution'd him to watch it. Only she
Could see his danger, who had nurs'd his infancy!

XXXIV.

But yet she dream'd not he would die so soon,
Nor dream'd of death at all; save that her fear —
A mother's fear for her own precious one —
Was ever whisp'ring in her anxious ear,
That death might come again. He had come near,
And stricken from her arms so oft before
Her dearest treasures, that his lifted spear

Afar off gleaming, would alarm her more
Than hosts of other foes, with all their threaten'd
power.

XXXV.

My brother never saw his love again.
He journey'd to a distant land — to die !
I must not speak of this — the throbbing pain
That settles at my heart — the tearful eye —
The trembling hand — the thrill of agony —
All warn me to forsake the mournful theme.
We heard that ere he breathed his parting sigh,
He said his parents soon would follow him,
But that his “ dear young wife ” — and here his eyes
grew dim,

XXXVI.

And faintness seized upon him. 'Twas a thought
So full of deep, heart rending agony,
It quickly overcame him ; and he sought
On heavenly scenes to fix his failing eye,
And thus with Christian fortitude to die !
An outstretched arm, omnipotent to save,
Was near him when his last great enemy
Closed for the mortal struggle. Then he gave
His parting soul to Him who triumph'd o'er the grave.

XXXVII.

His parents, ignorant of his dying state,
Were in the great south western city,* when
A letter came. 'Twas not of recent date,
For it had sought them long, and sought in vain.
At length it reach'd them, and it brought new pain
To their still aching hearts. It told a tale
Of sadness; that the threat'ning rod again
Hung over them. Here let me draw a veil;
To tell their feelings now, all words would sadly fail.

XXXVIII.

But I, who ever hope, hoped even now;
For I was with them when the letter came,
And though some sadness settled on my brow,
With specious words I strove to comfort them.
I could not feel that he would die — the same
Delusive flatt'rer, Hope, who oft before
Had lighted in my breast a glowing flame
When all had else been darkness, now once more
Beguiled my willing heart with too successful power.

XXXIX.

Swift on affection's never tiring wings,
Our parents flew to see their only son;
And I was left behind; for many things
Concurr'd to keep me from the dying one.
But, in my grief, I was not left alone,

* New Orleans.

For they were with me who were all to me,
My noble husband, and my darling son !
With them, how could I ever lonely be ?
O, to each other we *were* all in all — we three !

XL.

My parents reach'd at length the distant spot :
Borne to the earth by grief and sad suspense.
O, God ! O, God ! they found that "HE was not,"
For thou had'st taken him ! thy providence
So order'd it in kind benevolence !
He breath'd his last before the wish'd-for day
When he expected them — he knew not whence
They had to come, nor what a devious way
The white wing'd messenger that bore the news
would stray.

XLI.

Urania, goddess of the sacred lay !
Come, touch my languid lips with holy fire,
Brought from divine Parnassus — or convey
The heart's deep feelings to my sounding lyre !
'Tis vain — 'tis vain — such feelings must retire
From mortal view ! Again I draw the veil
Over these parents' hearts. It would require
A more than mortal tongue to tell the tale
Of all their high wrought feelings — mortal speech
would fail.

XLII.

'Tis sad when those we love cannot be near
Our dying bed ; and yet it saves much pain.
The last farewell that falls upon the ear —
The tears that mourners seek to hide, in vain —
The bursting sobs they cannot quite restrain —
These wring the heart. Now, when we truly know
That friends were near, a sympathizing train,
Who sooth'd our dying one, when faint and low,
O, surely in our hearts sweet gratitude must glow!

XLIII.

God's providence had led his footsteps, where
He found the kindest friends. A stranger he,
Yet taken to their bosoms! Far and near,
My father's children find his name a key
Unlocking many hearts. I'd rather be
The child of such a father, than of one
Who'd leave the wealth of India to me!
They heard my brother's name, and there were none
Who open'd not their doors to my dear father's son.

XLIV.

God bless them evermore! and he will bless
With all the choice expressions of his love,
Those who befriend the stranger in distress.
There is a God in Heaven, whose bowels move

With gentle pity ; and he must approve,
Whene'er his creatures pity and relieve
The way-worn sufferer ! Then from above
Our God will smile on those who thus did give
Their tender love to one who had not long to live.

XLV.

Now, when th' afflicted parents weeping came,
Those noble friends shed with them tear for tear,
And thus most kindly did their love proclaim
For him whom they had laid upon his bier
With aching hearts. O, many a fervent prayer,
While with most tender tears my cheeks are wet,
Ascends to Heaven for them. May Jesus hear !
And may my heart within me cease to beat,
If ever I their love to one I loved forget !

CHARLESTON, *July* 12, 1841.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

“It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from their dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote, with only one narrow way out : the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join their dams, and a man placed at the entrance with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying — ‘LET THIS BE HOLY.’”

“And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.”—Ezk. xx : 37.

I SAW the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
 Bedeck'd in her snowy array ;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
 And the future look'd blooming and gay :
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and
 torn,
 And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of
 grief,

And her bloom for the paleness of wo !
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies !
There had whisper'd a voice — 'twas the voice of her
God,
" I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod !* "

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmur'd her
name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O, sweet as a rose bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told !
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice — 'twas the voice of her
God,
" I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod !* "

I saw the fond brother. with glances of love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breath'd soft in his ear,

As he play'd with each graceful curl.
O, he loved the sweet tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee;
And he 'd clasp his brave arms round her delicate
form,
As she sat on her brother's knee.
But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face,
And she breath'd not a word in his ear;
And he clasp'd his brave arms round an icy cold form,
And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.
But the Healer was there, and he said to him thus —
“Grieve not for thy sister's short life,”
And he gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherish'd wife!
There had whisper'd a voice — 'twas the voice of his
God,
“I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod!*”

I saw where a father and mother had lean'd
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promis'd fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw when they stood, bending low o'er the
grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;

And he show'd them a star in a bright upper world,
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there !
They had each heard a voice — 'twas the voice of their
God,
" I love thee — I love thee — *pass under the rod !* "

CHARLESTON, *July* 6, 1840.

THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

THERE is a joy my spirit feels,
A holy calm that o'er me steals,
A lighting up within the soul
Of glowing flames that upward roll ;
A springing of th' immortal mind
Away from earth, to joys refined.

NOT all the joys of wedded bliss
One moment can compare with this ;
Though kindling eyes with rapture sweet,
In beaming glances often meet,
And burning lips with ardor tell
How love and joy together dwell.

NOT all the thrilling happiness
A mother's heart alone can bless,
When, all her pain and anguish done,
Her eye beholds her first born son,
And sees the father standing by,
With smiles of love, and kindling eye,

And prints the first maternal kiss
On lips unconscious of the bliss,
And, full of gladness unexpress'd,
Close clasps him to her swelling breast,
Where springs a fountain rich and free —
The food of helpless infancy !

These are not lasting. I can say,
How joys like these may pass away ;
And leave, where all was love and light,
An aching heart — a gloomy night —
A memory of pleasures gone —
A sorrow to be left alone.

But often in the darkest night
Springs up a pure and brilliant light ;
And even in the coldest day,
There comes a warm reviving ray ;
The light to faith's quick vision given —
The beaming ray that shines from Heaven.

O, when the soul is dark and drear,
Full well I know that sun can cheer ;
In those full beams with deep delight
I chase away the gloomy night,
And bask in those unclouded rays,
The glorious sun's meridian blaze.

I nestle in my Savior's breast,
O, 'tis a place of glorious rest !
He holds me near his bleeding side,
O, ever may I thus abide !

His lovely countenance I see,
With smiles of love he looks on me.

O, give me joys that will not die —
The joys that point above the sky !
The only change that comes to them,
Is when they glow with brighter beam ;
Like early morn's delightful ray,
That brightens into perfect day !

JANUARY 13, 1840.

THE PRAYER OF THE WIDOW.

O, THOU Almighty God, the widow's friend !
Where lonely ones are weeping, comfort send !
Thou never wilt refuse thy tender aid,
Where thine own hand the crushing weight has laid.
When, sick at heart, and sad, and desolate,
The widow comes to weep her mournful fate,
And comes to THEE — thy Spirit, holy Dove !
Flies swiftly from the Heaven of purest love ;
And O, blest Comforter ! thy wings are spread,
To shield from every storm her fainting head ;
And, brooding o'er the darkness of her soul,
Where, swelling high, the waves of anguish roll,
Thy sov'reign power from its chaos brings
Pure peaceful joy, and ever-healing springs.

Then may the solitary sing for joy ;
For hours like these taste not of earth's alloy ;
Affliction's fire the gold has purified,
And blest are they whose hopes may thus be tried.
O, God ! while tears unbidden freely start,
Here would I lay my crush'd and bleeding heart ;

I bless thee that thine own soft hands are here,
To staunch the wounds, and still each throbbing fear.

The human heart, sore wounded oft in vain,
Grows callous, and insensible to pain,
All cicatrized, it hardens with the blow
Which lays its fairest hopes and prospects low ;
But softer grows the heart whose wounds are heal'd
By Gilead's balm, sweet cure from Heaven reveal'd.

If purest joys must from affliction spring,
Then welcome grief, and lonely sorrowing !
A few brief years at most shall pass, before
Sorrow shall cease, and grief shall be no more.
I would not always live this dying life,
Where joys and sorrows keep perpetual strife ;
But if I must a toil-worn pilgrim be,
O, Savior ! give me tears — *then rest with thee !*
For if life's path were only strew'd with flowers,
I should forget my own immortal powers,
And stoop to gather roses all my way,
And lose in trifling pleasures life's short day.
The thorns that pierce my weary wand'ring feet,
But spur me onward to thy blissful seat,
And bring me sooner to my blood-bought home,
Where tearful ones must surely joy to come.

The bitter cup mix'd by my Father's love,
A salutary medicine *must* prove ;
Not nectar nor ambrosia has so sweet
An after taste, the longing soul to greet.
And, holy Father ! I will ne'er refuse
To drink the portion thou for me shalt choose ;

Whate'er betides, thy blessed will be done,
And thou shalt judge for me, Almighty One !
Trials are mercy's faithful harbingers ;
Each stroke from God's own hand a token bears ;
O, let me heed the kind paternal blow,
Afflicted heart ! *thy Father* lays thee low.

There is a rock, raised high above the storms
Which lash life's ocean ; not the thousand forms
Or horrid shapes of woe can e'er ascend,
Where Jesus lives his fav'rites to defend.
Low at its base the raging billows dash,
And clouds grow dark, and angry lightnings flash,
But firm the rock of ages ever stands,
Securely planted by almighty hands ;
No gath'ring clouds can shade its precincts fair,
For everlasting sunshine settles there.

O, Sun of Righteousness ! do thou impart
To the deep secret places of my heart,
Pure living rays, and bright effulgent beams,
To shed their light on life's fast flowing streams.
My aspirations are to thee, bright Heaven !
Nor can I, will I from these flights be driven ;
Fain would my wounded spirit soar away,
And lose all darkness in celestial day !

NEW YORK, *August* 13, 1840.

NEW HAVEN.

O, THOU beautiful New Haven !
Do I greet thee once again ?
Scenes upon my heart engraven,
I review with pleasing pain ;
Sweet are mem'ry's scenes at last,
Though I feel that they are past.

Yet — though gone, I will enjoy them,
Why should they be dead to me ?
Why should not my heart employ them,
Savior ! to attract to thee ?
Those who shared my earthly pleasures,
Thou hast made my heavenly treasures.

Sweet New Haven ! well known places,
Carpeted with brightest green,
Call back dear familiar faces,
Part of every mem'ried scene ;
Could I breathe thy classic air,
And my loved ones not be there ?

Every murmur of the fountain,
Hidden 'neath the clustering shade ;
Every rock and every mountain,
Every cool and verdant glade
Has its music — tuneful numbers,
Often heard in midnight slumbers.

There are green immortal bowers,
Where my dearest ones have gone !
Trees of life — unfading flowers,
Cooling shade, and verdant lawn.
Living fountains murmur there,
Flowing free, and sparkling clear.

Yes — thy beauties shall remind me
Of my peaceful home on high,
Nor to earth shall mem'ry bind me,
While I see with tearful eye
These loved scenes of dear New Haven,
Deeply on my heart engraven.

AUGUST 16, 1840.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SAVIOR
AND THE MOURNER.

MOURNER.

O, MAN of sorrows! who art thou,
With sadness painted on thy brow?
Why is thy lovely visage marr'd,
And why thy glorious forehead scarr'd?

SAVIOR.

O, Zion's daughter! I am He
Who dwelt with God eternally;
But pity brought me here to die;
You see me wounded — this is why.

MOURNER.

Dear dying Savior! can it be,
That thou wert bruised for guilty me?

Art thou acquainted with my grief,
And canst thou give me sweet relief?

S A V I O R .

Afflicted one! I pierc'd thy heart ;
From my own quiver sped the dart
Which brought thee, weeping, back to me ;
The wounded to the Healer flee !

M O U R N E R .

O, kind Reprover! may I dare
To tell thee every anxious fear ?
Then, Savior! hear my mournful cry,
I fear that *all* I love may die.

S A V I O R .

Unkind! ungrateful! where am I ?
Can God, thy Savior, ever die ?
Though friend and lover leave thee, yet
I still am near, dost thou forget ?

M O U R N E R .

Now woe is me — I hang my head,
And sad repenting tears I shed ;
Dear Savior! canst thou me forgive,
And bid my sorrowing spirit live ?

SAVIOR.

O, stricken mourner ! cease thy fear,
More tender than a mother's care
Are all my watchings over thee ;
Then, lone one ! softly walk with me.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1840.

CHASTENING, A PROOF OF LOVE.

“ But thou hast been weary of me, O, Israel ! ”

I WAS weary of the Savior,
Turn'd my heart to other love ;
Deeply griev'd at my behavior,
Soon he call'd me from above ;
Drew me gently,
Bound me with the cords of love.

This delightful bondage breaking,
Soon my footsteps roam'd away ;
He, in grief at my forsaking,
Follow'd me the livelong day ;
Woo'd me sweetly,
Words of love I heard him say.

In his garden I was sleeping,
There he came to seek for me ;
On his head night-dews were weeping,
Yet he called me tenderly,

“ My beloved !
Come, my fair one ! come to me ! ”

Yet I left this heavenly Lover,
Though his lips like lilies were ;
Once again became a rover,
Turned away from one so fair ;
Still he follow'd —
Watch'd me with untiring care.

Last of all he sent in sorrow,
Call'd my idols all away ;
For the sake of bright to-morrow,
Darken'd all my joys to-day ;
And he whisper'd,
“ Come, my fair one ! come away !

“ I'm in all thy griefs a sharer,
Thy afflictions all are mine ;
'Tis, my love ! to draw thee nearer
To my heart, I'm breaking thine ;
I have won thee,
Won thy heart by love divine !

“ 'Tis in mercy I have pain'd thee,
Wand'rer in a desert wild ;
Now I know that I have gain'd thee,
O, my love ! my undefiled ! ”
Thus he soothed me,
With his accents sweet and mild.

Now I follow where he leads me,
I am his, and he is mine ;

With the richest love he feeds me,
While upon him I recline ;
Gazing upward,
On his eyes I fasten mine !

FEBRUARY 2, 1840.

“TO DIE IS GAIN.”

DRAW nigh, thou long expected hour !
O, come, and make me free !
My God ! I would not always thus
A fetter'd pris'ner be !

My spirit longs to soar away,
But, ah ! this mighty chain
From which I struggle to escape,
Binds me to earth again.

Time after time thy sov'reign power
Has some strong link removed,
And I have nearer seem'd to Heaven,
And more my Savior loved.

But still in weakness fetter'd thus,
How can I rise to thee ?
Draw nigh, thou long expected hour,
And set the pris'ner free !

JUNE 6, 1840.

ON A FLOWER,

Plucked from the grave of Mrs. C—— B——, the wife of Lieut.
B——, and daughter of Col. V——, who died at Fort Towson,
Ark. Ter.

I SAW a beauteous little flower,
Which grew upon a grave,
'Twas pluck'd from its own proud stem, which
long'd
Its darling flower to save.
And a tiny bud was borne away
With the lovely parent flower ;
But a careful hand that loved them well,
Has kept them till this hour.

The plant which lost them hung its head,
And droop'd for many a day ;
But the gentle breeze and the beaming sun
Prevented its decay.
It would have died had not the friend
Who gave those beauteous flowers,
Water'd it oft with refreshing dew,
And gentle summer showers.

O, why didst thou droop and hang thy head,
Bereaved and desolate one ?
Is not thy flower far more prized
Than when it was thine own ?
When on thy stem it gaily grew,
It was admired and loved ;
But many a rude and chilling blast
The trembling flow'ret moved.

Now it is kept with tender care,
And many a friendly eye
Has gazed at the beautiful sever'd branch,
With a tear of sympathy
For *thee* — bereav'd and drooping plant,
The tears were shed *for thee* !
They *would* not weep for thy lovely flower,
In such kind custody.

'Tis guarded well by one you love,
And kept with watchful care ;
And no rude hand may ever touch
That flower to thee so dear.
And the hour comes on when thou must die,
How soon that hour may be !
Now is it not better thy beautiful branch
Should first be removed from thee ?

As thus I gazed on the treasured flower
That grew on a lonely grave,
I thought of the silent sleeper there,
Whom no earthly love could save ;
And of him who gladly would have died
For her who was taken away,

Who bow'd his head to the stormy blast,
And droop'd for many a day.

O, why didst thou droop and hang thy head,
Bereav'd and desolate one ?
I know from thy loved and cherish'd flower,
'Twas hard to part so soon.
But knowest thou not she is far more safe
Than in thy sheltering arms ?
For now she liveth in beauty bright,
And fears no sudden alarms.

O, knowest thou not that a heavenly Friend
Is keeping her safely for thee,
And myriads of bright and holy ones
Are joining her minstrelsy ?
And the flower pluck'd from thy darling's grave
Will never again revive,
But the blossom torn from thy throbbing breast
Shall ever in beauty live.

And the hour is coming when thou, frail man,
Shalt lay thee down and die ;
And who can tell but thy sainted love
Now waits thy coming on high,
And will joyfully greet th' unfetter'd soul,
Releas'd from its prison of clay,
And herald thee on through fields of light,
To the blaze of eternal day ?

CHARLESTON, *Dec.* 27, 1839.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME to my pillow, gentle sleep !
And hold me in thy calm embrace ;
And with oblivious wing, efface
The stain of tears and sorrows deep !

Or charm me with thy dreamy spell,
And paint a smile where tears had been ;
And lead me to the pastures green,
Where I shall find Immanuel !

In waking hours I love to rove
Where Israel's shepherd feeds his sheep ;
Now, on thy wings, O, gentle sleep,
Come, bear me to the spot I love !

Farewell — sad world, farewell to thee !
Let me forget my woes and cares ;
“ Still waters ” murmur in mine ears ;
O, to those waters let me flee !

I 'll bathe my soul in liquid love,
And freely drink the crystal tide,

Then sit me down the wave beside,
Nor ever would I thence remove !

There sweetly sounds Immanuel's name,
Borne gently on the breezy air,
Ten thousand thousand voices there,
With spirit-tongues his love proclaim.

He leads his flock — he loves them well —
He takes the weary in his arms,
And lures them by his dazzling charms,
Forever in his fold to dwell.

Come, gentle sleep, I feel thy power !
Thy dreamy spell is over me,
Farewell, sad world ! farewell to thee !
All hail, my sleeping, dreaming hour !

HEAVEN.

“ There shall be no more death — neither sorrow — nor crying — neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.”

REV. xxi. 4.

THERE shall be no more death ! I love to trace
The records of my last abiding place —
A mansion bought for me by dying love ;
And — blissful thought ! — I may not thence remove.
No waning strength, nor painful heaving breath,
Shall give me warning of thy coming, Death !
I shall not see thee fix thy baleful eye
On those I love, and feel that they must die ;
No arrow from thy ever outstretch'd bow
Again shall lay my dearest treasures low ;
No thoughts of absent ones shall there intrude,
Nor hearts be broken by thine entrance rude ;
No dark abyss of grief shall open there,
To drown my soul in billows of despair ;
I shall not feel that I am left *alone* ;
And only hear each well remember'd tone
Sound in mine ears, like some low sighing moan !

But Heaven's undying choral harmony
Shall ever my immortal music be,
And sweet accordance thrill my list'ning ear,
While tuneful angel songs entranc'd I hear.

Yes! there 's a land where death shall be no more,
Where sad heartbreaking partings all are o'er!
I know the land — my darling ones are there ;
Come, Death — to that bright world my spirit bear !

There shall be no more sorrow! I shall feel
No chilling sadness o'er my spirit steal ;
And there shall be no aching heart in Heaven ;
No mem'ry's tear ; no trespass unforgiven ;
No restless cares fresh gath'ring every hour ;
No clouds o'er life's dark labyrinth to lower ;
No longing thirst for life's immortal stream ;
No disappointment ; no deceitful dream ;
No heart of adamant to vex me there ;
No secret sins to fill me with despair ;
No viper gliding round my place of rest,
To fix its deadly fangs within my breast ;
No midnight watchings, paling friendship's cheek ;
No harrowing fears I do not dare to speak ;
No last adieu to chill my sinking heart,
And whisper me the hour has come — to part !
No sad preparings for the silent grave ;
No dark funereal group where willows wave ;
No deep distress to bow my fainting head ;
No *sorrow's anniversary* to dread !
Come — blissful hour ! when all have pass'd away —
Those " former things " that darken'd life's sad day,

And safely housed shall all my loved ones be,
In ever brightening immortality !

Yes ! there 's a land where sorrows shall be o'er,
And I shall see the gath'ring cloud no more ;
I know the land — I languish to be there :
Come, Death ! to that bright world my spirit bear !

There shall be no more crying ! Joyful day !!
When God's own hand all tears shall wipe away,
And while eternity's long ages roll,
Sweet peace shall settle on my ransom'd soul.
I shall not be a wand'ring alien there,
Estrang'd from God — as I am often here ;
Loud hallelujahs, ever on my tongue,
Shall to my golden harp be sweetly sung ;
No plaintive notes shall give their mournful sounds,
Save when I sing my Savior's dying wounds ;
Then to the Lamb a louder song shall rise,
And echo joyful round th' eternal skies ;
And souls redeem'd shall praise a Savior slain,
While bright archangels catch the pealing strain !
Then, rising high, the song shall swell again,
And infant voices lisp a sweet — AMEN !
No tears can fall where all the blest employ
Is rapturous praise ; and ever growing joy
Sits radiant on each angelic face,
While glory brightens all the blissful place !

Yes ! there's a land where tears shall fall no more,
Nor dim the eyes that often wept before ;
I know the land — my sainted ones are there ;
Come, Death ! to that bright world my spirit bear !

There shall be no more pain ! no languishing !
No mortal sickness shall its anguish bring ;
There shall be no last agony to dread ;
No fever'd brain ; no restless, aching head ;
No bounding pulse ; no deathlike shiv'ring chill ;
No throbbing heart for death's cold touch to still ;
No curd'ling of the heart's warm vital flood ;
No heavy dulness o'er the eyes to brood ;
No pallid faces stealing round my bed,
Fearing to rouse me by the softest tread ;
No closing out the blessed light of day ;
No need to force my weeping friends away ;
No painful gaspings for the thick'ning breath ;
No sorrow — no sad tears — no pain — no death !
O, these shall not be there ! for life's sad day
And gloomy night, shall all have "pass'd away !"
There in my own, my dear, eternal home,
No baleful sickly blights may ever come ;
My soul shall flourish in immortal bloom,
While lies my body mould'ring in the tomb ;
And this poor clay shall yet in beauty rise,
When the last trump shall sound its glad surprise.

Yes ! there's a land where pain shall be no more,
A land of smiles and joy, blest Canaan's shore !
My Savior and his ransom'd ones are there ;
Come, Death ! to that bright world my spirit bear !

CHARLESTON, *August 2*, 1840.

TO A MOTHER WITH A DYING
CHILD.

Loosen thine arms, fond mother,
And let thy darling go !
Thou *wouldst* not hold him down to earth,
Amid these floods of woe.

O, clasp him not so fondly
Close to thy trembling breast ;
It is a spot he loves — and yet
'Tis not a place of rest.

There is no love nor beauty
Can charm disease away ;
The spoiler comes, and rude his touch,
Be long or short his stay.

Soft is thy baby's pillow
Upon thy tender breast ;
Oft have its gentle heavings lull'd
Thy weary boy to rest.

But now in mortal anguish,
 What spot can ease his pain ?
 No more he 'll nestle in thine arms,
 Or smile on thee again !

To watch his painful breathings,
 To hear his parting sigh,
 To see him chill and motionless,
 All glazed his beauteous eye,

'T will tear thy twining heartstrings,
 'T will melt thy soul with woe ;
 But he in Heaven will drink of joy
 He tasted not below.

Look forward, weeping mother,
 And place thy darling there ;
 Eased in a moment all his pain —
 His struggles — and his fear !

O, see thy lovely cherub,
 Enraptured with surprise !
 All new to him the glorious things
 Which charm his wond'ring eyes !

He wears a robe of beauty,
 The Savior has put on ;
 Tinged like the gorgeous clouds that lie
 Around the setting sun !

He makes harmonious music,
 He tunes his golden lyre,

And in his own loud welcome, joins
The bright celestial choir !

He thinks of thee, fond mother !
But not with sorrow there ;
He watches for thy spirit-form
Beside those portals fair.

Now — look again in pity
Upon thy suff'ring boy,
And choose his home in that bright world
Of pure immortal joy.

Loosen thine arms, fond mother,
And let thy darling go ;
Yes ! bid him stretch his angel wings,
And fly from pain and woe !

JUNE 13, 1840.

AN INVOCATION TO DEATH.

O, DEATH! thou art a welcome friend,
I woo thee to my heart ;
From all I loved and valued once,
I'm ready now to part.

This voice, attuned to notes of joy,
Come, hush to silence now ;
And in the stillness of the tomb,
Kind friend ! come lay me low !

These hands, now warm with active life,
Fear not thy chilling grasp ;
Come, Death ! though icy cold thou art,
Thy hand I'll freely clasp.

These eyes, now fondly glancing round
On those I dearly love,
Come, o'er them spread a filmy veil,
Nor let them longer rove.

These lips, now forming words of love,
Come, give one palsyng kiss !
They'll yield thee up their living breath,
With joyful eagerness.

Come, take this heart, this beating heart,
And freeze it all to stone ;
And let my soul, my longing soul,
Fly to th' Eternal One !

Kind Death ! come, take me in thine arms,
And set me wholly free !
I'll thank thee for that cold embrace
Through all eternity !

DECEMBER 31, 1839.

O! SING TO ME OF HEAVEN!

The following lines were written on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Ramsay, widow of the late David Ramsay, the son of the Historian of South Carolina. Her maiden name was Pinckney, a name identified with the history of our state. The lines were suggested by the scenes which took place at her death ; they are affectionately dedicated to my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Pinckney, and to our beloved teachers, the Misses Ramsay, to whom my father's daughters owe a pleasing debt of gratitude.

O ! SING to me of Heaven,
When I am call'd to die !
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high !

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness —
Let Heaven begin below!

When the last moment comes,
O! watch my dying face;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays!

Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heaven!

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love;
And sing of Heaven — delightful Heaven!
My glorious home above!

JANUARY 15, 1840.

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

TREMBLING soul, dismiss thy fear ;
See thy great deliv'rer near !
Hear him calling thee to come
To thy long expected home !
Weary wand'rer, hasten home !

Dost thou fear the Monarch pale ?
Death is vanquish'd — bid him " hail !"
Near him stands a mightier King ;
He will needful courage bring :—
Dying Christian ! why not sing ?

Dost thou dread, when thou shalt die,
Nature's parting agony ?
Calm as evening's ling'ring ray
Shall thy spirit pass away ;
Flutt'ring soul ! no longer stay !

Dost thou dread the last " good bye ;"
Dread to hear the choking sigh ?
When thy friends around thee stand,

Point them to Immanuel's land —
That delightful, happy land !

Dost thou fear to leave alone
One whose soul was like your own ?
Friends, ye shall not parted be ;
One in spirit still are ye ;
Soon in Heaven both shall be !

Christians, take one long embrace,
Look your last on each dear face !
Hark ! the waiting seraph sings !
All the air with music rings !
Struggling spirit, spread thy wings !

JANUARY 11, 1840.

“CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND
AND ALTOGETHER LOVELY.”

O, THOU art the chiefest
Among ten thousand charms,
And altogether lovely ; —
I speed me to thine arms !

Enraptured with thy beauty,
O, Bridegroom of my soul!
My all to thee I offer,
And yield to thy control.

I've heard thee sweetly wooing
My weary soul to rest;
And granting me, dear Savior,
A home upon thy breast!
O, where could I have found me
So soft a resting place,
Where I can dwell forever,
And feed upon thy grace?

How gently glide the hours,
When I repose in thee;
Like clear untroubled waters,
Fast flowing to the sea.
To pass my happy moments,
So fast my days shall flee,
Till I shall reach the ocean
Of vast eternity!

Then, O! what blissful greetings,
What rapture shall be mine!
And, best of all, forever
Shall I in peace recline
On thy kind arms, dear Savior!
Safe folded to thy breast,
And none shall ever tear me
From that sweet place of rest.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1840.

GOD'S LOVE TO ISRAEL.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! I've set my love on thee;
O! foolish and ungrateful! to wander thus from me.
How kindly would I gather thee beneath my shelt'ring
wings!

Jerusalem! thou knowest not whence all thy safety
springs.

O! well do I remember thee, the kindness of thy
youth;
The love of thine espousals, thy faithfulness and
truth;

When thou thy Lord didst follow in a land that was
not sown,

In a bleak and howling wilderness — unpeopled, dark,
and lone.

I led thee through the desert, and through a land of
drought,

And from Egyptian bondage I brought thee safely
out;

I placed thee in a fertile land, where milk and honey
flow;

And now thou lovest strangers, and after them wilt
go.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! my bowels yearn for thee ;
For cisterns, broken cisterns, thou hast forsaken me !
I am the living fountain, whose waters gently flow ;
How couldst thou ever leave me, so far astray to go ?

O ! when wilt thou return again ? my arms are open'd
wide ;

Return, backsliding Israel, to thine almighty Guide !
I'll lead thee to the pastures green, and to the waters
clear ; —

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! the friendly warning hear !

JANUARY 18, 1841.

HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

IN intimate communion,
Dear Father ! I am thine ;
O ! bless thee for the favor,
For love so much divine ;

And though afflictions won me,
How could my heart repine ?
If thou wilt love me ever,
All else I can resign.

O ! keep me near the fountain
Of overflowing love,
To drink the living water,
Till all my soul shall move ;
Till I shall prize thy favor
All other things above,
And thou shalt dwell within me,
O ! holy, heavenly Dove !

I cannot live without *thee*,
All lonely as I am ;
Thou art a sweet companion,
O ! lovely, gentle Lamb !
Dear Father, Son, and Spirit !
Each name can sweetly calm,
And pour into my bosom
A rich and healing balm !

MOUNT AUBURN.

Written immediately after a visit to that sacred spot. Boston, Oct. 3,
1841.

THEY took me to Mount Auburn — where
They bury the lov'd, the brave, the fair ;
'Twas beautiful, all beautiful !
The shaded walk — the grove so cool —
The flowers planted there by love —
The green and leafy arch above —
The grassy mound — and the polish'd stone —
And the strangers passing, one by one.
I saw it all — yet the heart would rove,
Borne onward by deep cherish'd love,
And I thought of *two dear lonely graves*
In the far off West, where the willow waves.

O! beautiful Mount Auburn — where
They bury the loved, the brave, the fair !
Death always chooses the sweetest flowers
When he comes to this living world of ours ;
And now he has chosen thee, sweet place !
The loveliest part of the earth's fair face,

As a home for those who silent sleep,
Where friends may come, and smile, or weep ;
For Death is not always a tyrant king,
Casting a gloom over every thing ;
Here dwelleth not unmingled pain,
For those who die shall live again,
And every tenanted spot of ground
Shall give up its dead at the trumpet's sound ;
So *I smile* when I think of *those lonely graves*
In the far off West, where the willow waves.

O ! Death's own palace royal — where
They bury the loved, the brave, the fair !
I have gazed on thy sculptured works of art,
Bearing many a lesson to reach the heart ;
The tributes of love to those who have died,
Who lie in earth's bosom, side by side ;
Peace to your ashes, silent dead !
I may not lay my humble head
In such a highly favor'd spot,
When God has call'd, and *I am not* ;
For this I care not, so I be
Buried beneath some branching tree ;
But could I choose my resting place
When I have run my earthly race,
'T would be *beside those lonely graves*
In the far off West, where the willow waves.

O ! Death's most cheerful garden — where
They bury the loved, the brave, the fair !
The sweet birds love to visit thee,
And build their nests on many a tree ;
And in some cool sequester'd spot,

They sing to those who hear them not ;
The busy bee comes often too,
To drink the balmy honey dew,
Where flowers bloom in beauty rare,
And scatter fragrance through the air.
O ! bright hued flowers ! how *can* ye bloom
So very near the cold dark tomb ?
O ! warbling birds ! how *can* ye sing
Where death is mark'd on every thing ?
Sweet flowers ! ye speak of HEAVEN to me ;
For bright to all eternity,
“ Transplanted flowers ” shall bloom above,
Where all the air is full of love.
And birds ! ye do not sing in vain,
Ye chant of HEAVEN in every strain !
For I know that those *I* loved so well,
In Heaven their notes of triumph swell ;
They sleep in *those two lonely graves*
In the far-off West, where the willow waves.

THE GIFT.

Written after meeting, in the street, Miss C—— P——, of Boston; who was going on an errand of mercy, to carry a beautiful Peach to a sick friend.

I MET her in the fragrant morn,
When the dew-drop sparkled on the thorn,
And the eastern blast was asleep at home,
And the mild south wind had softly come
To visit this beautiful northern land,
And paint the cheeks by her warm breath fann'd.

And I was thinking how sweet was life !
How sweet to the maiden, and the wife !
Aye — sweet to the pensive widow too,
When her heart breathes out for its chosen few,
And the amulet worn on the throbbing breast
Is love — the purest and the best.

'Twas then I met a queen-like form,
But O, that heart, which, beating warm,
Sent its bright current to her cheek —
Would that I could its praises speak !
But were I lonely, sick, or sad,
Her voice would make the stranger glad.

She held a basket in her hand,
Which seem'd to have come from fairy land ;
For flower, and vine, and fruit were mix'd,
And all so tastefully were fix'd,
I thought that fairy hands had done
The beautiful thing I gazed upon.

And so it was ; for fingers fair
Had placed the delicate flowers there ;
And round the peach, the leafy vine
Had made, in soft embrace, to twine ;
Like ringlets, gracefully falling o'er
A blushing cheek, just kiss'd before.

Ah, tempting Peach ! 'tis well that thou
Art not *forbidden fruit* just now !
For, given as I know thou 'lt be,
So cordially, so gracefully,
What mortal could refuse the boon,
When offer'd, as thou wilt be, soon ?

Thou art going to a sufferer's couch ;
He 'll take thee with a gentle touch,
And feast his languid sight awhile,
As though thou hadst a woman's smile ;
And then he 'll turn his grateful eyes
On her who brought the blushing prize.

There let them rest — they 'll surely see
A look so full of sympathy,
They 'll want to gaze on the vision fair,
Till they are dimm'd by a gathering tear ;
Then will they gently turn away,

With a look that speaks what the tongue would
say.

She has been lately at the side
Of one, who in life's morning died ; *
I had not seen him since a slow
And dire disease had laid him low ;
But sure I am his beaming eye
Oft thank'd her thus, when none were nigh.

He knew the heart of woman well ;
And he loved, in sweetest verse, to tell
Of things that were beautiful on the earth,
And his own bright thoughts oft gave them birth ;
O, gifted one ! may thy requiem be
Thine own strains that linger in memory !

But now, 'tis time I end my lay ;
The potent spell has pass'd away ;
I could not see *that* offering,
And not my heart's own tribute bring
Of thankfulness, that God has given
Some things on earth, so like to Heaven.

Ah ! call ye this a trifling thing ?
I 've seen the smallest flower bring
Such a tide of feeling to the breast,
When the heart was sick, with cares oppress'd,
That now seems never strange to me,
The wonderful power of sympathy !

BOSTON, *October 5*, 1840.

* The late lamented B. B. Thatcher.

THE EVER PRESENT FRIEND.

“ Lo ! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

I 'VE a Friend who will not leave me,
Ever walking by my side ;
Other friends too often grieve me,
Coldly smile, or harshly chide.

But the Friend who dwelleth near me,
Is my Father — Guard — and Guide ;
Ah ! 'tis He alone can bear me
Safely over sorrow's tide.

All the world may think me lonely,
Pitying eyes upon me bend ;
But, with this companion only,
Can I need another friend ?

Early in the cheerful morning,
Though I seem to walk alone,
He, the proud and lofty scorning,
Walks with me, his own — *his own* !

Or, when evening darkens o'er me,
 Solitary though I seem,
 Hope's bright visions glow before me,
 While of heavenly joys I dream.

Nearer, dearer than a brother,
 Is my kind Almighty Friend ;
 Surely then, I need no other,
 While he will my steps attend.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR
 YOU."

My Savior ! is my place prepared,
 And for my welcome hast thou cared,
 When death shall call for me ?
 When I shall rest beneath the sod,
 Shall angels bear my soul to God ?
 O, Savior ! can it be ?

Exceeding grace ! I raise my eyes,
 All wet with tear-drops, to the skies,
 And bless thee for thy love ;

I would not always dwell below,
 Where death has torn my heartstrings so ;
 'T will ne'er be thus above.

And yet, 'tis well — 'tis well for me,
 And well for those who've gone to thee,
 That thou didst call them home ;
 I love those dear ones far too well,
 To wish that they again should dwell
 Where I in sadness roam.

I would not ask them now to change
 Their peaceful home ; they 'd think it strange,
 And 't would be strange indeed
 If I, who am a pris'ner here,
 And daily shed the silent tear,
 Should mourn when they are freed.

I feel not as an exile feels,
 When lonely sadness o'er him steals,
 And hope forsakes his breast ;
 I am not banish'd from my home ;
 I have not many days to roam
 Ere I shall be — at rest.

O, blessed Savior ! now I see
 Great preparations made for me,
 In mansions bright and fair ;
 For thou, with sweet attractive art,
 To make Heaven dearer to my heart,
 Hast placed my jewels there !

Boston, *October 11, 1840.*

TO THE REV. J — P —, OF BOSTON.

Written after reading some of his touching poems, particularly the one entitled, "My father, mother, brothers, and sisters."

O, TELL me ! art thou not life-weary now,
Thou of the noble heart and lofty brow ?
Or canst thou breast the waves that round thee rise,
Till call'd to soar above these clouded skies ?
Thy father, mother, brothers, sisters, all
Save one, have heard the heavenly Master's call,
And hasten'd to their dear eternal home ;
And thou art left in this dark world to roam.
O, tell me what on earth to thee remains ?
For weeping I have read thy mournful strains,
When thou hast told of sorrows, such as I
Have felt — though I had not the power to die,
When death a welcome friend had been to me ;
O, would not death be welcome too, to thee ?

Yet there are loved ones round thy cheerful hearth ;
O, these must sweetly bind thee still to earth !
We hold a chain outstretch'd from earth to Heaven,
By God's own love to weary mortals given ;
But every link removed, that shortens this,
Draws us the nearer to our home of bliss.

The moanful sighings of the wand'ring wind
 Have a strange power to move my inmost mind,
 And bring sweet thoughts of other days to me,
 By some unknown, mysterious sympathy.
 So has thy plaintive lyre, with low soft tone,
 Pour'd on my soul a music of its own,
 And waked an answering chord within my breast,
 Which thrills harmonious in my hours of rest.

Thou gifted Bard ! whose richly gilded thought
 Comes like a ray with noon-day brightness fraught,
 And cheers the heart obscured by sorrow's breath,
 Which dims all brightness in this world of death —
 I thank thee for the lays which thou hast sung !
 I thank thee for the lyre which thou hast strung !
 Those thrilling lays — that have with me communed,
 That deep toned lyre — by holy feelings tuned.
 Still let thy silvery dulcet tones be heard,
 Like the low warbling of some lonely bird ;
 Or let thy full toned diapason roll,
 Like organ strains — entrancing every soul !

This weary earth is full of discord strange ;
 But when thy harp is struck, how sweet the change !
 Then tune it oft, and sweep th' obedient strings
 Till all the air with heaven-born music rings !
 And when thy hand shall wake its harmonies,
 To bear the music on, let Echo rise,
 And every where in sweet vibration play,
 Till *I* shall hear it — far, O, far away !

Boston, *October* 13, 1840.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

" They that believe *do* enter into rest."

YES — even here, in this dark world,
We enter into rest,
If shelter'd in the Savior's arms,
And pillow'd on his breast !

The flowery paths of earthly joy
Are not so sweet to me,
As thorny roads, and darksome clouds,
Which drive me, Lord ! to thee.

The fragrant flowers — how soon they die,
Scorch'd by the noonday heat ;
Or scatter'd, lie along my path,
By angry tempests beat !

Though sore afflictions come to me,
My soul is satisfied ;
And longer 'neath the chast'ning rod,
I'm willing to abide.

I never felt as now I feel,
The dark world's vanity ;
I never loved as now I love,
The Heaven I hope to see.

How calmly can I travel on,
While joys and comforts die ;
And smile to see my bosom friends
In death's embraces lie.

'Tis well with them — 'tis well with me —
Why should I shed one tear ?
My loved ones now are safe at home,
And I shall soon be there.

Yes — even here, in this dark world,
I've enter'd into rest ;
I've flown into my Savior's arms,
He bears me on his breast !

CHARLESTON, *November 15, 1840.*

THE JOY OF SOLITUDE.

BREAK not, my solitary heart !
Thy sadness will not always last ;
A brighter day will come for thee,
When all thy sorrows will be past.

'Tis thus I cure each bitter pang
My mourning, lonely bosom feels ;
I look beyond all earthly things,
Where faith the Christian's home reveals.

When sorely aches the stricken heart,
How sweet it is *to be alone* ;
Where precious tears can freely flow,
And none can hear my stifled moan.

Sweet Solitude ! thou art to me,
Like rivers in a desert waste
To faint and weary travelers,
Who long the cooling stream to taste.

O, ye, whose hearts are desolate —
Ye tearful mourners, can ye tell

Why, when my heart feels loneliest,
I love to be alone so well ?

Is it because e'en friendship's joy
Recalls the mem'ry of the past,
And lifts the dark impervious veil
Which death has o'er my pleasures cast ?

I cannot tell ; I am not vers'd
In the heart's deep philosophy ;
I only know when sad I feel,
Dear Solitude ! I fly to thee !

DECEMBER 5, 1841.

“THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE
A REST.”

How sweet the sound of *rest*,
To pilgrims weary of the length'ning road !
With quicken'd steps they seek the blest abode
Where sorrow is exchanged for peace and love ;
So flies, with eager haste, the timid dove,
To seek her shelt'ring nest !

The aromatic gales
 Which reach us oft in contemplative hours,
 Bring back the fragrance of "transplanted flowers,"
 And give delight unmix'd with earth's alloy ;
 So feels the wand'rer, who, with trembling joy,
 The breeze from home inhales !

The pilgrim, parch'd with thirst,
 Who hears of Heaven's pure, immortal streams,
 Sees, with a vision bright, in all his dreams,
 The river flowing near the throne of God ;
 So joys the traveler, fainting on the road,
 To see the fountain burst !

Fair beauty's beaming eye
 Grows brighter as she nears her father's home,
 While springs the vessel through the billowy foam,
 Bearing her on to sweet domestic love !
 So looks the Christian joyfully above,
 Whose hour has come to die !

DECEMBER 15, 1840.

“EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRE-
CIOUS PROMISES.”

“IN a dry and thirsty land,
Where no water is,”
Thou hast given us, O, God !
Glorious promises !
Kneeling at thy mercy seat,
Pouring out our prayer,
O, how sweet it is *to know*,
Thou wilt meet us there !

Sweet the words the Savior said
To his chosen few,
“Ye shall not be comfortless,
I will come to you.”
Be not troubled, O, my soul !
He will come again,
To receive you to himself,
Wash’d from every stain.

He has sent the Comforter,
With us to abide,

Till, with all his chosen ones,
We are glorified !
Many mansions are prepared
Where our Lord has gone ;
Surely to that peaceful home
Sweetly we are drawn !

Blessed Spirit ! when my heart
Feels affliction's sting,
All these precious promises
To remembrance bring !
Then, as beams the cheerful sun,
Shining after rain,
When these floods of grief are o'er,
I shall smile again.

DECEMBER 27, 1840.

“ BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.”

Who is this, with brow serene,
And such a peaceful smile ?
Surely now the vision bright
Can sorrow's self beguile !

As the vision pass'd me by,
I heard an angel speak,
And the simple words were these —
O, "Blessed are the meek."

Then I follow'd silently,
Where'er the vision led,
Till a storm seem'd gathering
Around the fair one's head ;
Still I saw the peaceful smile,
And heard the angel speak,
And the only words he said
Were — "Blessed are the meek."

Onward, onward still I went,
Where'er the vision led ;
'Till I saw the fair one laid
Upon a dying bed.
Then the smiling sufferer,
With voice all faint and weak,
Spake herself — and sweetly said —
O, "Blessed are the meek."

Now seraphic grew her smile,
The angel too was there,
Waiting, to the upper skies
Th' unprison'd soul to bear.
Then the angel said to me,
"If happiness you seek,
Ever, ever bear in mind,
How 'blessed are the meek.'"

JANUARY 8, 1841.

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

“ What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone ? ”

COME, mourning spirit, come to me !
I have wherewith to comfort thee ;
I have a charm to soothe thy grief,
Which ever yields a sweet relief ;
I cherish it within my breast ;
It there abides — a welcome guest ;
It chideth me whene'er I weep,
And lulls my sorrows all to sleep ;
It brings bright visions to my heart,
When, one by one, my friends depart ;
To all who seek this boon is given,
'Tis — *an unwav'ring trust in Heaven.*

The woes which in thy pathway stand,
Are there by Heaven's high command ;
By God commission'd, there they stood,
To work together for thy good.
'Tis well thou couldst not pass them by,
Or bribe them from thy path to fly,

Till each had pierc'd thy trembling heart
With sorrow's ever pointed dart.
For, when thy wounds were aching sore,
If thou had'st never thought before
Of Him who wounded was for thee,
O, *then* He 'd come to memory !

And if, when overwhelm'd with grief,
We fly to Jesus for relief,
And hear his gentle voice of love,
Telling of mansions far above
These often overclouded skies,
Where tears no more shall dim our eyes ;
With cheerful voices may we sing,
“ O, tyrant Death ! where is thy sting ?
O, gloomy Grave ! we fear not thee,
Where is thy boasted victory ? ”

Then, drooping mourner ! raise thy head ;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled ?
What though some flatt'ring dreams are gone ?
Soon shall the glorious morning dawn,
Which never more shall darken'd be
By clouds o'ercharg'd with misery.

JANUARY 10, 1841.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ALONZO CLAUDIUS WHITRIDGE,
AGED EIGHT YEARS.

He came into this world of care,
A precious gift from Heaven ;
And on his brow, so passing fair,
A holy kiss was given,
As, cradled in his mother's arms,
The smiling cherub lay ;
While gazed the father on his charms,
Pure as the opening day.

In after months, too tenderly
They watch'd his gambols wild ;
Ah ! did they know how tenderly
They held their darling child ?
A few short hours, and O, the change
Their sadden'd spirits feel !
The tear — the sigh — the gloom ; how strange !
Who can the cause reveal ?

Ah! look around — the mother's arms
No precious burden hold;
The father's heart no longer warms
With ecstasy untold,
As when his playful infant boy,
With outstretch'd, dancing hands,
In baby language spoke his joy,
Or utter'd his commands.

Yes, look around! in that still place
A lovely infant lies,
A parting smile upon his face,
The smile of sweet surprise,
As burst upon his ravish'd ear
The music of the blest
In Heaven, when harps were tuning there
To welcome *home* the guest.

But hark! a softer, sweeter strain
Of *infant* harmony!
O, who would now to earth enchain
That spirit, pure and free?
Though icy cold the body lies
Enwrapt in death's embrace,
To Jesus' arms the spirit flies,
Burning to see his face.

CHARLESTON, *May*, 1834.

WHEN SHALL IT BE?

" And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

" In the midst of the street of it, and on another side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations "—REV.

WHEN shall I taste of that pure river,
Flowing near the throne ?
When shall I drink and live forever,
Far from sorrow flown ?

When shall I bathe my fever'd spirit
In the limpid stream ?
When shall I Heaven's joys inherit —
Ended life's short dream ?

When shall the tree of life wave o'er me,
Bearing precious fruit,
When shall the healing sap restore me,
Springing from its root ?

When shall I taste the fruit, and never,
Never hunger more ?

When shall I droop no more forever,
Pain and anguish o'er ?

Not till I reach my home in Heaven,
All life's journey trod ;

Not till my sins are all forgiven
By the grace of God !

“I WILL TRUST IN THE COVERT
OF THY WINGS. SELAH.”

My heart is pain'd within me. When shall I
Away from all these mournful sorrows fly —
The ills of life — the ceaseless care and toil,
Spontaneous growth of earth's polluted soil ?

How oft my spirit plumes her eager wings,
To seek a refuge from these tiresome things !
But like a wounded bird, she strives in vain,
Then sinks desponding to the earth again.

My heavenly Father ! may my refuge be
Thine own almighty wings o'ershadowing me ;
Thy shelter o'er my struggling spirit cast,
Till these calamities be overpast.

Then trusting in the covert of thy wings —
A peaceful shade — whence healing virtue springs,
I'll lay me down, content to live or die,
And wait till thou shalt bear my soul on high.

DECEMBER 22, 1840.

TO THE ASHLEY RIVER.

ASHLEY river ! Ashley river !
Do I tread thy banks again ?
Then 'twas not farewell forever,
Told I thee with throbbing pain,
When I sought thee last, sweet river,
With my lovely sister, Jane !

Was there not a gentle warning
Murmur'd in thy gurgling tone ?
Clouds were gath'ring o'er life's morning,
Which in radiant beauty shone ;

Ah! I *felt* the whisper'd warning,
I should tread thy banks alone.

Yes — alone! my gentle sister
Here no more shall rove with me;
How I trembled when I kiss'd her,
Standing near our fav'rite tree!
Still I dream'd not, angel sister!
'Twas my last sweet walk with thee.

Evergreens were spreading o'er us,
With their cool embow'ring shade;
Hoary mosses waved before us,
And a graceful drapery made:
While the gliding waters bore us
Many a tuneful serenade.

Pearly tears, in silence starting,
Told the heart's deep seated gloom,
While we brooded o'er the parting
From our early, only home;
Ah! we knew not one was starting
For a distant lonely tomb!

Now, no mosses wave above her,
Where she sleeps so far away;
But the eyes of those who love her
Guard the precious sleeping clay;
Angels keep bright watch above her,
Till the resurrection day.

O, sweet Ashley! gently gliding,
Calmly can I gaze on thee,

For my loved one is abiding
Where I quickly hope to be ;
So, each deep emotion chiding,
Still I love to gaze on thee !

DECEMBER 16, 1840.

“ONE WOE IS PAST.”

Written after the death of a friend.

I HAVE one sorrow less to bear,
Of those that shall befall me here ;
Another grievous woe is past ;
Would God that it *might* be the last !

While through the wilderness I go,
With feeble footsteps, faint and slow,
My dear companions of the way,
How gladly would I bid them stay !

'Tis sweet to travel arm in arm
Along life's road — the sweetest charm
Of human life is human love,
And friends are blessings from above.

But one who loves them more than I
Calls, "Come up hither," from on high;
Then joyfully they soar away,
And leave me lonely here to stay.

Yet, when they leave me, well they know
That I, from whose embrace they go,
With swifter steps will travel on
To where my dearest friends have gone.

So, smiling as they take their flight
To regions of celestial light,
They whisper low, with dying breath,
"A *short* farewell"—then sleep in death.

JANUARY 1, 1841.

TO MY FRAIL BODY.

O! FRAIL and falling house of clay!
I've loved thee far too well;
With thee I have not long to stay,
How long, I cannot tell.

But this I know, thy tott'ring wall
Which now imprisons me,
When touch'd by Death's cold hand, shall fall ;
O ! *then* I shall be free !

And yet, whene'er I part from thee,
Mid nature's dying pain,
O ! let this truth remember'd be,
We part to meet again

As tender rose trees seem to die,
When touch'd by winter's breath,
And for a little season lie,
With every mark of death ;

Then spring to life when summer comes,
And wear their brightest dress,
To beautify our pleasant homes,
Our careworn hearts to bless,

So shalt thou hear the trumpet's sound,
And leave thy lowly grave,
Whether thou sleepest under ground,
Or 'neath the rolling wave.

Then still I'll love thee, house of clay !
But not with former pride ;
For not until the last great day
Shalt thou be glorified !

JANUARY 4, 1841.

A HYMN FOR THE AFFLICTED.

WOUNDED within me is my heart,
I mourn and sit alone ;
And every voice that comes to me
Breathes out a plaintive tone.

Ah me ! how can I longer live
Where all is desolate ?
I wander like a lonely bird,
Bereaved of its mate.

O ! would that I had died with thee,
My dear, my early friend !
Then deep affliction would not now
My mourning bosom rend.

But no ! It was my Father's choice !
I bow to his decree !
He loved my friend, and call'd him home,
And O ! he loveth me !

The Angel of the covenant
Is standing by my side ;

I pray thee, soother of my griefs!
 There ever to abide!

And now he makes the storm a calm;
 The waves thereof are still;
 My peace doth like a river flow, —
I love my Father's will.

JANUARY 2, 1841.

THE BEREAVED FATHER TO HIS SON.

DEAR miniature of her I loved and lost,
 Come to thy father's almost broken heart!
 Come, lay thy lovely head upon my breast,
 And let me smooth thy golden ringlets down,
 As I have seen thy sainted mother do!
 Ah me! those dear soft hands lie mouldering,
 Now clasp'd upon her still, unconscious breast!

Would I could sing for thee, my orphan boy,
 As I have heard thy sainted mother sing!
 O! we shall never hear her sing again!

The music of our fireside is hush'd —
 The silver voice that cheer'd us, now is mute.

I pity thee, my boy ! for well I know
 This mournful silence sends an icy chill
 To every heart within these lonely walls,
 That lately echoed to angelic tones.
 Methought I heard thee lisp thy mother's name,
 As she had taught her darling boy to do ;
 O ! say it not again — 't will break my heart !

I see deep sadness in thy violet eyes,
 As though thou knew'st thy kindest friend was
 gone.

Yes — she *is* gone — poor boy ! poor orphan boy !
 Too soon thou 'lt find that thou art motherless ;
 For who will love thee with a mother's love —
 That sacred, changeless, deep, untiring love ?
 She loves thee still, my boy ! and it may be
 She watches o'er thee now with tender care,
 A guardian angel to her own dear child !

My wife ! my cherish'd wife ! my bosom friend !
 If thou art near us, whisper peaceful words,
 And teach me how to bear my Father's stroke !
 If ever, 'mid the swelling tides of grief,
 My spirit, struggling in the stormy wave,
 Lets go her only anchor, faith in God,
 And blindly plunges near the dang'rous shoals
 Of proud rebellion 'gainst th' almighty will,
 Or total self-abandonment to grief,
 Then, sainted spirit ! bear me back again,

By some unknown, mysterious influence,
Such as the ministering angels use !

O ! sigh not thus, my dear, my gentle boy !
Nor let the sad contagion of my grief
Infect so soon thy young unconscious breast.
'Tis strange to see thee gazing silently
Where there is nought to catch thy infant eye,
With downcast look, and grave abstracted air,
As though thou hadst th' experience of years,
And wert reflecting on the woes of life.
The silken fringes round thy sweet blue eyes
Are almost resting on thy downy cheek,
And thy fair head reposes on my breast,
My lonely, sorrowing, bereaved breast,
With all the silent, touching eloquence
So often felt where not a word is said.
Thy angel mother may be near thee, boy !
Communing with thy untaught spirit now,
And teaching thee the rudiments of thought.

O Death ! thou art th' ambassador of Heaven,
To wean us from th' allurements of the world ;
May not thy visits ever be in vain !
The storm, the calm, the sunshine, and the cloud,
Must each alternately my portion be,
And all to me their sacred lessons teach ;
O ! may I learn the varied lessons well !

The youthful stranger in a foreign land
Soon learns to know where happiness is found.
Should Pleasure lure him to some shining place,
And surly Disappointment meet him there,

If he is wise, he shuns that path again,
 Because the meteor sparkles to deceive.
 But I, a stranger and a pilgrim here,
 Must learn the same sad lesson o'er and o'er,
 That all is changeful in this dying world.
 I clasp a shadow to my foolish heart,
 Then weep to find my arms are empty still !
 O ! could I but remember that on earth
 My dearest treasures are a loan from Heaven,
 And may at any moment be recall'd,
 I should prepare my heart for each sad loss.

My darling boy ! I must not love thee so ;
 Dear miniature of her I loved and lost,
 I 'll try to feel that I may lose *thee* too !
 Yet, joyful thought ! such treasures cannot die,
The time will come I 'll find them all again.

JANUARY 4, 1841.

WHERE IS THE BETTER COUNTRY ? TRY !

WHERE is the better country, where ?
Ye who have found it, lead me there ;
I long have sought a happy home,
Yet weary, weary, still I roam ;
I've tried by turns each pathway bright ;
My sun goes down, and all is night ;
I grope my way in sad despair ;
Where is the better country, where ?

I catch at every beaming ray
That shines upon my weary way ;
I'm taken captive by a flower,
That blooms and withers in an hour ;
And yet, whene'er my bosom tries
To shield a flower, there it dies :
Away the withered thing I throw,
And sadly on my way I go.

An infant in its cradle smiled —
Its look of joy my heart beguiled ;
But, when I gazed a moment more,
Its joyous brow was clouded o'er ;

Then, sick at heart, I heav'd a sigh,
 And turn'd away my tearful eye ;
 How vain the search for pleasure here !
 With every smile there comes a tear.

I saw a shining beauteous thing —
 It hung before me glittering ;
 They call'd it friendship, and with joy,
 My hand I stretch'd to seize the toy.
 It proved to be a gilded dart,
 Which, ere I knew it, pierced my heart !
 Then, faint and bleeding, thus I thought —
 " Experience must be dearly bought."

I saw the star-bespangled sky,
 And there I fixed my earnest eye ;
 One star grew brighter to my gaze,
 For me it seem'd to shed its rays ;
 I thought if I could soar afar,
 I'd hie me to that lonely star :
 Ah me ! 'twas but a meteor's light ;
 It fled away — that star so bright !

As carelessly I roved along,
 I heard a soft, delightful song ;
 I turn'd aside to catch the sound,
 But no sweet songster could be found.
 It was my own Canary bird,
 Whose faint, receding notes I heard ;
 He breathed "farewell" in every tone —
 The cage was there — the bird had flown !

A beauteous, meek eyed, carrier dove
 Came flying with the speed of love ;

I caught, and kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
 I knew the bird a letter bore ;
 I broke the seal with eager hand,
 For tidings from a distant land ;
 But ah ! I shudder'd while I read,
 It told me one I loved — was dead !

The falling of a far cascade
 Most sweet, harmonious music made ;
 It charm'd me oft at evening-tide,
 And once, by moonlight, there I hied ;
 But, when I reach'd the chosen spot,
 The louder music pleased me not ;
 'Tis thus with many things I meet,
 They 're only at a distance sweet.

Long, long ago I left my home ;
 For many years 't was mine to roam ;
 And when at last I there return'd,
 O ! how my heart within me burn'd !
 But every thing I saw was chang'd,
 And from my home I felt estrang'd ;
 And then I cried in deep despair,
 " Where is the better country, where ? "

O ! he whose heart is fix'd below,
 Finds disappointment, change, and woe !
 Where are the never clouded skies —
 O ! where the joy that never dies ?
 Where is the music ever sweet,
 O ! where the friends I long to meet ?
 No more earth's changing scenes allure, —
 Where is the land all bright and pure ?

The land where all is pure and bright,
That better land, is "out of sight!"
And I must journey here awhile,
And see by turns, the tear, the smile;
Yet, even now, 'tis bliss to me,
That I one day that land shall see,
And joyful wing my eager flight
To that sweet country — out of sight.

CHARLESTON, *January* 19, 1841.

TO A MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF
A DAUGHTER.

MOTHER! I've news for thee from Heaven!
Thy daughter boweth near the throne!
O, canst thou not for her rejoice,
Though thou art left alone?

Hast thou not seen her lovely eye
Gaze on thee through her glitt'ring tears,
Though thou didst strive from every ill
To shield her tender years?

Mother! thy daughter weeps no more,
For all her tears are dried away;
Exhaled like dew-drops from the rose,
Beneath the sun's bright ray!

Hast thou not seen how cruel pain
Could steal the roses from her cheek,
And wring the moisture from her brow,
And leave her faint and weak?

Mother! thy daughter is in Heaven,
And pain can never reach her there,
No sickness comes to those who breathe
That pure delightful air!

Look up, with faith's observant eye,
And see thine angel daughter now!
I would not wish to call her back
To this dark world — *wouldst thou?*

“O! no — O! no” — I hear thee say,
“My Savior hath his promise kept;
He comforts me; and yet I must
Weep on — for Jesus wept!”

“But let the youthful Christian go
Thus early to her peaceful home;
Yes — I am willing now to lay
My darling in the tomb!”

CHARLESTON, *February* 14, 1841.

A MORNING HYMN.

EARLY, early O! my God!
I send my prayer to thee,
Ere my heart has roved abroad
'Mid scenes of vanity.
Shielded by thy tender love,
I have calmly, safely slept,
Guards, commission'd from above,
Round me their station kept.

Through the darkness — through the night
Refreshing rest was mine ;
Fire, nor sword, nor sickly blight,
Against me did combine ;
But revolving hours have brought,
Opening fair, another day ;
May I spend it as I ought,
And love, and watch, and pray !

When the solemn hour has come
For me to sleep in death,

Jesus, bear my spirit home,
When fails my mortal breath!
Clasp me in thy faithful arms —
Fold me to thy tender breast —
Till, enraptured with thy charms,
I gently sink to rest.

CHARLESTON, *February* 14, 1841.

SONG.

I REMEMBER — I remember —
The sacred place for prayer!
In the morning and the evening
Thou wert always with me there;
Lowly bending — lowly bending —
Retired from earthly things,
For celestial flights preparing,
We plumed the spirit's wings.

I remember — I remember —
The "wormwood and the gall,"
When I felt that thou hadst left me,
All alone to stand or fall.

Lowly bending — lowly bending —
I told my grief to God,
And he heard me, and he gave me
Submission to his rod.

I remember — I remember —
The pleasing “joy of grief,”
How affliction turn’d to gladness,
When my prayer had brought relief;
Lowly bending — lowly bending —
Thus may I spend my days,
Till with rapture I am singing
Th’ eternal song of praise.

CHARLESTON, *February* 16, 1841.

HYMN.

“O Lord! I am oppressed — undertake for me.”—Ps.

Lost in affliction’s darksome maze,
O! whither shall I go?
Where shall I find the peaceful streams
Where healing waters flow?

My soul! wait only on the Lord,
All other help is vain;
My wounded heart! no other friend
Can ease thy throbbing pain.

The Savior, for his sorrowing ones,
Will surely undertake;
He'll clasp the suff'ers in his arms,
For his dear mercy's sake.

The Christian, 'mid his sorrowing,
May evermore rejoice,
And raise, above the howling storm,
His loud triumphant voice.

Then, Jesus! Savior of my soul!
O! undertake for me;
Able and willing as thou art,
I leave my case with thee.

Since I was precious in thy sight,
I've known thy tender love;
And each event that comes to me
Seems calling me above.

Well, let me go; I long to go
Where those I loved have gone;
They, through the might of Him who died,
Have won the victor's crown.

O! 't will be sweet with them to join
In one unwearied song,

And, through our blest eternity
The joyful notes prolong.

Dear Savior! when I leave the world,
And rise to dwell with thee,
I'll praise thee with a seraph's tongue,
And never wearied be!

FEBRUARY 17, 1841.

THE BENDED KNEE.

PRAY on — pray on — poor suff'ring soul!
Why wilt thou not thy burdens roll
On Him who died for thee?
O! cease not till thy dying day,
Beneath his cross, to watch and pray; —
Live on thy bended knee!

O! pale faced mourner! raise thy head,
And weep not for the sainted dead
Who've left this world and thee;
Remember they are angels now;
And God will teach *thy will* to bow,
While on thy bended knee.

Come, bring the noblest offering —
Thy broken heart ; the Heavenly King
 Will surely smile on thee ;
He dearly loves the broken heart ;
And thou shalt feel thy woes depart,
 While on thy bended knee.

Now prostrate lie, and kiss the rod ;
The secret purpose of thy God
 May not be known to thee ;
But in the ocean of his love
Drown all thy fears, and look above,
 Still on thy bended knee.

FEBRUARY 17, 1841.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

MY God ! I bless thee for thy word,
 I clasp it to my breast ;
Of all thy glorious gifts to man,
 The noblest, and the best !

When I am idling in the way,
 And danger stalks abroad,

It thunders in my startled ear —
“Prepare to meet thy God!”

Whene'er I stray, its beacon light
Shines through the gloom afar;
And when I turn the other way,
'Tis there — my polar star!

I glory in thy promises
When sorrows rend my breast,
And thus, when thinking on thy word,
My sorrows sink to rest.

In silent watches of the night
I sing upon my bed,
While gently, on its pillow'd rest,
Reclines my weary head.

Father! I'll take thy blessed word,
And clasp it to my breast;
Of all thy glorious gifts to man,
The noblest, and the best!

FEBRUARY 18, 1841.

SONG.

I SEE thee in my dreams,
Thou who hast gone before me !
And faithful mem'ry seems
My loved one to restore me !
Thou 'rt clad in robes of light,
Thy face with joy is beaming,
Thus, dearest ! every night,
I see thee when I'm dreaming !

The songs we loved so well,
I hear my dear one singing,
And sweet, o'er hill and dell,
Melodious notes are ringing !
The tears bedim my sight
Which in my eyes do glisten,
While, trembling with delight,
I hold my breath to listen.

I stretch my arms to thee —
But, suddenly awaking,
My love no more I see —
O ! *then* my heart is breaking !

But when I think that thou
An angel art in glory,
Again to sleep I go,
And dreams repeat the story.

Though thou hast gone above,
And left this world forever,
'Tis true, 'tis true, my love !
I can forget thee never !
Then come in robes of light,
Thy face with rapture beaming,
And let me, every night,
Behold thee when I'm dreaming !

FEBRUARY 16, 1841.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

LAY low the sleeper ! let him be
Now buried out of sight ;
This dust, O Earth ! we give to thee,
'Tis thine undoubted right.

It came from thee ; but not the soul —
The breath of Deity !

Insatiate Grave! thy dark control
Ends with mortality.

Ashes to ashes — dust to dust —
Lay low the silent form!
Though loved and cherish'd long, we must
Consign it to the worm.

Rest, brother, rest! thy work is done;
Thy spirit is not here;
The battle 's fought, the vict'ry won;
Where is the victor — where?

Behold! behold! the pearly gates
Of Heaven are opened wide!
What glorious rapture now awaits
The spirit glorified!

Weep on, ye mourners, as ye go,
But weep not for the dead!
Ye lay upon its pillow low
A weary, aching head.

Weep for yourselves, and weep for those
Earth's thorny path who tread;
But not for those who thus repose —
No! weep not for the dead!

FEBRUARY 16, 1841.

“SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.”

“For in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.”

WOULDST thou an introduction have
To Him who mighty is to save ?
Then search the scriptures — they are they
Which image forth the Deity.

O ! dying man ! make God your friend,
Whose friendship lives when life shall end ;
Your intimate communion here
In Heaven shall grow more sweet, more dear.

The friends of earth — how oft they change,
Forget their love, grow cold and strange !
But heavenly friendship — O ! 't will be
Increasing through eternity !

And Jesus is the source of all ;
Around his feet adoring fall

The saints and angels, casting down,
Each happy one, his shining crown.

No "clouds or darkness" veil Him there ;
The Sun of Heaven, He shineth clear ;
His rays a settled joy impart,
And reach to every perfect heart.

O ! joy of joys ! can this be mine ?
Shall I in God's own likeness shine ?
O ! yes ! when I awake in Heaven,
All satisfied — my sins forgiven !

FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

GOD IS FAITHFUL.

God is faithful ! God is love !
Seated on his throne above,
Still he looks on men below,
Makes them his, and keeps them so.
When in dang'rous paths I roam,
Angel voices call me home ;
Penitent and weeping sore,
Then I wonder and adore !

God is faithful! God is just!
Therefore let me ever trust;
Each event will work my good,
Though not always understood.
If he should my comforts slay,
Darken, roughen all my way,
I deserve it all, and more —
Therefore still would I adore.

God is faithful! God is wise!
When he sees me idolize
Dying creatures of a day,
Soon he takes them all away.
Then I bow, and kiss the rod,
Better love and serve my God,
Taste of joys unknown before,
Wonder still, and still adore!

“LOVEST THOU ME?”

A VOICE salutes my ear!
O! how the accents move me!
I hear my Savior say,
“My daughter! dost thou love me?”

What answer shall I give
To Him who died to save me ?
Who rescued me from death,
And all my sins forgave me ?

O ! hear me, dearest Lord !
In glory throned above me,
And help me thus to say,
“ Thou knowest that I love thee ! ”

FEBRUARY 21, 1841.

THE DYING MOTHER.

A MOTHER is dying — O ! breathe no sound,
Let her faint low tones be heard !
Now stifle your sobs as ye stand around,
And list to each parting word !

Throw open the casement, and let the breeze
Playing over the jessamine vine,
And passing the blossoming China trees,
Come in with its fragrance fine.

Make way — make way — let the cool wind play
O'er the pale and dying brow ;
For she loves the breath of the closing day,
And the day is closing now.

O ! see ! how her mild dark eye grows bright,
Like the eye of the gentle fawn !
That eye will sleep in death this night,
Ere another morning's dawn.

Yes ! tender husband ! wipe the few
Death pearls from her forehead fair ;
They are not those pearls once given by you,
And twined in her chestnut hair.

'Tis true — 'tis true — 'tis her bridal day,
But the bridal is not of earth ;
She will sit no more in her white array,
The pride of the cheerful hearth ;

As once she sat, when, young and fair,
She gave thee her virgin hand,
When the bells rang out on the evening air
A call to the bridal band.

She is going now to the great " I AM ! "
She will soon with joy sit down
To the marriage supper of the Lamb,
Arrayed in her sparkling crown.

She is now the bride of the Crucified —
His saints he calls *his own* ;

She is one of those for whom he died,
Who will sit with him on his throne.

O ! see ! the beams of the setting sun,
How they kiss her faded cheek !
Like the sun, her race is almost run —
And hark ! I hear her speak !

Come near — come near — that voice to hear,
'Tis like music dying away ;
Bend low, bend low, each list'ning ear,
For the words those pale lips say :

“ I am dying — O ! how cold,
O ! how deadly faint I feel !
Death's dark tide has o'er me roll'd,
Tremors on my heartstrings steal ! ”

“ Husband ! let me see thee, dear !
Bow not thus thy mournful head !
Speak of Heaven to calm my fear,
Till the spark of life has fled.

“ Bring my children ! bring them all !
Darlings ! round your mother stand !
Place the babe within mine arms,
Let me hold its tiny hand !

“ Smiling cherub ! heir of Heaven !
I shall see thee, darling ! there ;
Raise me up, and let me kiss
Cheek, and lip, and forehead fair.

“ Husband ! let me lean my head
Sweetly on thy noble breast !
Let me breathe away my life
On my fav’rite place of rest !

“ Cease thine aching, heaving heart !
Gently, gently, let me die !
Let me give my last farewell,
Free from death’s deep agony.

“ Sons and daughters ! all farewell !
Let the last sweet kiss be given ;
Hear your mother’s dying charge —
Meet me, meet me — all, in Heaven ! ”

“ Kiss me, husband ! yet once more !
Once again ! there, that will do ;
O ! ’tis sweet to think I take
But a short farewell of you.

“ I am going — all is dark —
Husband ! ’tis not hard to die ;
O ! what heavenly light I see !
Glory ! glory ! victory ! ”

FEBRUARY 23, 1841.

SMILING, THOUGH SAD.

O! YES! I 've learn'd the art
To smile when the bosom's aching,
In others' joy to take a part,
When all my heart seems breaking.

I 've learn'd to raise my voice,
And sing the songs of gladness,
When the sun, that bade my heart rejoice,
Has set in clouds of sadness.

I 've learn'd to hide my tears,
And hush my heavy sighing,
While every placid feature wears
A look, the truth belying.

If I could speak my woe,
O! who would understand me?
The wond'ring look, from friend and foe,
To silence would command me.

Alone — alone — alone —
I feel in the crowded city ;
Yet strive t' assume a cheerful tone —
I love not *human* pity !

O ! how I love to hide
Whene'er I feel so lonely,
From all the world to turn aside,
And fly to JESUS only.

That sympathizing friend
Will never chide my sadness,
But, while I weep, he 'll o'er me bend,
And whisper words of gladness.

FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

THE POET'S WEALTH.

My friends, I am not poor.
What though my purse be empty? Let it lie
An empty bauble still; my heart is full
Of gushing tenderness to all I love;
And I love every thing, save sin. Thank God!
That thing I do not love. I have been bathed,
With reverence let me utter it, in blood
Which hath a power to make the foulest clean;
And though I need to wash me every day
In that exhaustless fountain, from the stains
Which will on earth my struggling soul defile,
Still, still, I *love* not sin — my taste is changed.
But that aside, I do love every thing;
And this, sweet friends! is to be rich indeed;
I am content — 'tis all the wealth I need.

I love this rich and varied world of ours,
Adorn'd with sunbeams, moonlight, stars, and
 flowers;
I love another *better*, where I see

With eye of faith, bright things in store for me ;
But when I think my Father made this earth
So beautiful, to be th' abode of man,
O ! then I love it well — perhaps too well.

How oft with tremulous delight I 've gazed
Upon th' unquiet ocean — while in sport
He tossed his billows in a thousand forms,
And crown'd them all with snowy wreaths of foam !
Long have I stood upon the shelving beach,
With feelings elevated by the scene.
Who does not love the ocean ? Who can stand
Spectator of that most sublime expanse —
The fathomless, the ever changing sea,
And feel not reverence, gratitude, and love,
To Him who keeps the waters in their bounds,
Who holds them in the hollow of his hand ?
If there be such a man, that man is poor,
Though sums untold within his coffers lie.

I love the sun — the bright impartial sun,
Which shineth on the evil and the good !
I love the moon — the pale and pensive moon,
When, walking thoughtful in the silent night,
She throws her mellow rays on every scene,
Peopling with fairy forms the forest shades,
As her mild eye looks through the moving trees.

I love the stars — “ the poetry of Heaven ! ”
Those meeting places for fond lovers' eyes,
Who tenderly, at some appointed hour,
With earnest looks gaze on their fav'rite star !
I love the clouds — th' embroidery of the sky !

Work'd out in bold relief, in figures fine,
Upon a ground of never fading blue !
I even love the frowning thunder cloud,
Clothing the skies in mourning, ere the rain
May weep its torrents o'er the thirsty land.

I love the flowers — fair ornaments of earth !
The many color'd gems which deck her breast —
The scented sprigs upon her robe of green !
I love the trees — which throw their leafy shade,
To screen us from the scorching noontide ray,
Or spread their arms, well fill'd with golden fruit,
Inviting us to taste the rich repast.
I love the birds — those cheerful choristers,
Which sing to us in ever tuneful strains,
Unpaid, and often unregarded too.
I love the noble beasts — untamed which roam,
Or those which patient bear man's heavy yoke,
Or those which minister to our delight,
By giving food, or bearing friend to friend.

I love mankind — though I would keep afar
From those whose minds are meanly chain'd to
earth,

Unless they'd listen to my pleading voice,
Telling of things all fair and beautiful.
I love with all my heart, a little child,
Pure, fresh, and beauteous in its early bloom —
A blossom soon to shed its fragrance far,
Or scatter baleful poison all around.
I love the aged man, whose hoary hair
Lies thinly scatter'd o'er his temples bare ;
I love to see him cheerfully descend

The hill of life. The winter of his days
A prelude is to one eternal spring.

And I love sorrow too ; it teaches me
The lessons I shall ne'er forget. It breaks
My heart, that love divine may enter in,
And, while it heals the breach, may there abide.
And last, not least, I love sweet poetry,
The only never failing alchemy
Which turneth all it touches into gold.
So much for earth ; now for exalted love !

I love, O ! how I love, my future home !
Here language fails me. Eye hath never seen,
Ear has not heard, nor heart of man conceiv'd
The things that are reserved for us in Heaven !
Ye see the Christian poet is not poor ;
Though bread and water all my portion be,
Still am I rich indeed — I ask no more.
For know ye not that *all* these things are mine ?
They 're mine and yours, for our enjoyment given.
Remember it was said, "All things are yours —
And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

JANUARY 14, 1841.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

'Tis rebellion gives us pain,
Anguish comes when we complain
 In the stormy day ;
When the will is all subdued,
When no murm'ring thoughts intrude,
 Sorrow flies away.

Tranquil as the sleeping sea,
Ever may our bosoms be,
 Though our all is gone ;
Sweetly passive when we lie,
Fearing not the frowning sky,
 Brighter prospects dawn.

O ! ye pilgrims, do ye know
When the heavenly breezes blow
 O'er this wretched earth ?
'Tis when sorrow rends the heart ;
Then the Savior doth impart
 Joys of heavenly birth.

When, in God's mysterious way,
Sorrow's night shuts out the day,
Patient let me be ;
Death, thou great destroyer, come !
Take my friends and bear them home,
Then return for me !

JANUARY 18, 1841.

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH, HE
CHASTENETH.

MY Father chastens whom he loves ;
O ! then, he loves me tenderly ;
Oft in the fire my heart he proves,
As oft I know the reason why.

For I am full of earthly love ;
I idolize the gifts of Heaven ;
And then my Father, from above,
Recalls the dear ones he has given.

Then earth's attractions die to me,
And I am forced to look above ;

And He who fills eternity,
Attracts my gaze, and fires my love.

So, trials let me ever hail,
Which bring another world so near ;
I 'm introduced within the veil,
And angel songs I seem to hear.

Afflicted heart, rejoice, rejoice !
The door of Heaven is oped for thee ;
And hark ! O ! hark ! I hear a voice
Which, "Come up hither," says to me.

O ! Father ! dost thou love me so ?
These dreadful strokes fall not on me ;
I bless thy name, each heavy blow
But strikes my chain, to set me free !

McPHERSONVILLE, *April* 15, 1841.

“IF THERE BE THEREFORE ANY CON-
SOLATION IN CHRIST.”

CONSOLATION in Christ ? O ! Savior divine,
How well canst thou comfort this heart of mine !
I 've tried thee, and proved thee, and well I know
That rivers of comfort from thee do flow.

Not like the dark waters whose waves are strong,
Are those rivers that gently glide along ;
My frail little bark safely guided will be,
Till it reaches eternity's boundless sea.

No huge rolling billows can me overwhelm,
The God of the ocean is at the helm ;
Though the waves may rise, and around me chafe,
When Jesus is with me, *all is safe !*

O, Savior ! there *is* consolation in thee,
And when I am troubled, 'tis there I flee ;
I hide in thy bosom, and there lean my head,
When the bosoms I loved are cold and dead.

And why do I ever forsake thy breast,
 And seek upon earth for a place of rest ?
 Why cannot I learn there is safety alone,
 Where for safety and comfort so often I 've flown ?

How foolish, forgetful, and faithless am I,
 To fasten my love upon things that must die !
 And when they are taken, how well 'tis for me,
 That there *is* consolation, dear Savior, in thee !

APRIL 21, 1841.

ALL JOY.

“ My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations ; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience.”

JAMES i. 2, 3.

O ! FATHER divine ! may I count it all joy
 To resign thee my husband and beautiful boy ;
 Though now I am weeping and breaking my heart,
 Thou canst dry every tear and cure every smart.

Thou art teaching me patience by trying my faith,
 This “ fight of affliction ” springs not from thy
 wrath ;

It grieved thee, my Father, to punish me so,
But 'twas tenderest mercy that guided each blow.

May I bear, holy Father ! this sorrow and pain,
And never, O ! never, despond or complain ;
Though all of my loved ones should sicken and die,
I will not, I dare not, thy goodness deny.

I have seen a sweet child, with a frown on his brow,
Ere his will had been taught to his father's to bow ;
I have seen him subdued, and the frown leave his
face,
And the smile of affection beam bright in its place ;

And he loved his kind father, who guided the rod ;
Then sure I must love thee, my Father ! my God !
Thou hast taken my treasures, and stricken me sore,
Yet more do I love thee than ever before.

Heart broken and sorrowing, Father, to thee,
On the wings of affection this moment I 'll flee ;
If thou wilt be mine, I will "count it all joy"
To resign thee my husband and beautiful boy !

MAY 2, 1841.

THE MOURNER'S RESOLVE.

HENCE, all ye sombre signs of grief!
Ye must not dwell with me ;
Though to indulge would give relief,
I must not selfish be.

I charge thee, O! thou quiv'ring lip!
To settle to a smile ;
And let thy cheerful fellowship
My lonely heart beguile.

I'll strive with all my heart, to bless
Each sufferer I see ;
The widow and the fatherless
Shall learn to pray for me.

I'll ne'er forget how loved ones watch
For every smile or tear ;
Nor how their eager faces catch
The look my features wear.

They shall not hear my grief express'd,
 They shall not see me weep ;
 But every sorrow in my breast
 Shall there lie, buried deep.

This is my task, and I will still
 Bear on my broken heart ;
 If God will give me strength awhile,
 I'll nobly do my part.

MAY 27, 1841.

WHEREFORE GLORIFY YE THE LORD
 IN THE FIRES.—Is. xxiv. 15.

HELP me, Lord, to glorify thee,
 In the fires to sing thy praise,
 With my heart to justify thee
 All these dark and doleful days.
 Should I bask in beams of glory
 All the days I sojourn here,
 Would I then believe the story,
 That this world is dark and drear ?

Would I ever turn to Heaven,
With an ardent sweet desire,
If to me 't were never given
Thus to pass through sorrow's fire ?
Not from paths of fragrant roses
Will the rebel call on God,
Not till Jesus interposes,
Planting thorns along my road.

Burning fires can ne'er alarm me,
When my Savior's voice I hear,
Barbed arrows cannot harm me,
With the balm of Gilead near.
Sorrow's flames will purify me,
Barbed arrows harmless fall,
If I praise and glorify thee
In the fires, my Life ! my All !

JUNE 8, 1841.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY DICKSON,

Infant son of Thomas A. Elliott, M. D., of Orangeburg, S. C.

HE died ere sorrow's blighting breath
 Had o'er him pass'd ;
Cold sinking in the arms of Death,
 He breathed his last.
But father, mother, do not weep ;
Your darling babe is but asleep
 In Jesus' arms ;
He tasted of the cup of pain,
Then turned him to his home again —
 To heavenly charms.

Remember how, in gentle tones,
 The Savior said,
While o'er th' unconscious little ones
 His hands he spread,
" Forbid them not to come to me ; "
O ! father, mother, will not ye
 Remember this ?

Why does not joy each bosom seize,
When Jesus says, "Of such as these
My kingdom is!"

Then, while you think upon your boy,
Your sainted one,
O! sweetly say, with smiles of joy,
"God's will be done!"
Go, darling, to thy blissful home,
Where pain and death can never come,
Nor pale faced woe;
Go, nestle in the Savior's breast;
Soon we shall share thy blissful rest;
Go, Henry, go!

ORANGEBURG, *August* 14, 1841.

THE DYING HADGI.

I.

WITH downcast brow and ling'ring feet,
Who leaves that richly cushion'd seat?
And why that deep convulsive sigh?
Thou veiled Beauty, tell me why?
'Twas Selim left that cushion'd seat,
With downcast brow and ling'ring feet.

II.

And she who loves him more than life,
That dark eyed maid — his promised wife,
Whose gath'ring tears bedim each eye,
'Twas she who sigh'd convulsively;
For Selim starts that very day
His vows at Mecca's shrine to pay.

III.

It must be so — for all must part;
There lives no man, whose youthful heart

Has never ached when he has heard,
Farewell — farewell — that saddening word !
Unless the heart is cased in steel,
This is a pang that all must feel.

IV.

How oft beneath the moon's pale ray,
Have parting tears been wiped away,
While others soon their place supply,
As though the fount could ne'er be dry !
Ah ! Stoics ! vain are all your sneers ;
They speak of pain, those parting tears.

V.

Cheer up, young Selim ! time will fly,
Though lovers oft this ruth deny,
And say he lags upon the road ;
But urge him with thy sharpest goad,
Keep a light heart, an active mind,
And leave thy vain regrets behind.

VI.

And thou, pale Beauty ! weeping sore,
Raise up thy head, and weep no more,
And bless thy fate that thou hast known
Thy future husband ; thou alone,
Of all thy young companions, art
Thus blest in giving up thy heart.*

* In Turkish families the daughters are betrothed when quite young, and very often do not see their destined husbands.

VII.

One last fond look the youth bestows,
And Selim with his father goes,
To take his place amid the band
Who journey to a distant land ;
The high, the low, the dark, the fair,
The master and the slave are there.

VIII.

And now each stately Mussulman
Has joined the starting caravan,
And rich and poor alike press on
To Mecca's shrine ; that journey done,
Life's greatest object is attained,
And Paradise is surely gained.

IX.

Thus every man beneath the sun
To some vain pilgrimage doth run ;
The heights of pleasure and of fame
Are lighted by a dazzling flame ;
And every man, with fond design,
Bends low at some forbidden shrine.

X.

The caravan is on its way ;
And, decked with varied colors gay,
The sacred camel marches on,
Proud of his grand caparison ;

It hath been so since time began,
Brutes imitate their master, man.

XI.

O! 'tis a splendid sight to see
The gorgeous banners waving free!
From distant lands the pilgrims come,
With zeal that shames all christendom;
They hope t' avert a future doom,
By bending at their prophet's tomb.

XII.

The Arab guide his mournful song
Chants slowly, as he moves along,
And, mounting to the cloudless sky,
The hookah's * smoke ascends on high;
And every step springs light and free —
O! 'tis a goodly company!

XIII.

But little weens the hadgi now,
How suffering may blanch his brow;
The horrors of the fell Simoom †
Not yet have filled his heart with gloom;
But still the hour comes on, when all
Beneath its fiery breath may fall.

* "Hookah," the Turkish pipe.

† "Simoom." I believe I have good authority for the orthography of this word, although it is oftener spelled "Simoon."

XIV.

Some fall, alas ! no more to rise,
For death cuts short their agonies ;
And others only live to feel
The pangs of thirst upon them steal,
To long for what they cannot taste,
And slowly die upon the waste.

XV.

O ! 'tis a fearful death to die,
That slow consuming agony !
To feel the heart's pulsation stop,
The blood creep slowly, drop by drop !
To struggle with a burning fire,
And, parch'd with raging thirst, expire !

XVI.

Long on the desert have they been,
And not one spot of cheerful green
Their languid eyes have gazed upon,
And ling'ring hope is almost gone.
Their scanty store of water too
Is gone ; what may the pilgrims do ?

XVII.

O ! for some intervening cloud,
Arabia's burning sun to shroud !

O! for some sheltering rock, to cast
Its shadow on the dreary waste!
O! for some fountain spark'ling clear,
Or Hagar's friendly angel near!

XVIII.

The hills of sand on every side,
Like waves of ocean, petrified
While high their restless forms did run,
Stand whitening in the bleaching sun.
All parch'd and bare the ground below,
The heaven above one scorching glow!

XIX.

“O! give me water, e'er I die” —
This was the fainting pilgrim's cry:
But who could help! that dreadful hour
Was one when friendship had no power
To mitigate the sufferer's pain;
— The dying hadgi called in vain!

XX.

Stretch'd on the burning sands he lay,
And in his eye the sparkling ray —
The index of his soul, grew dim;
Now what was all his wealth to him?
He would have given all to buy
One drop of water — none was nigh.

XXI.

"O! father! father! canst thou bear
To die, thy journey's end so near?
This dreadful desert almost pass'd,
And wilt thou, father! sink at last?"
Thus spoke the hadgi's noble son,
His darling boy — his only one!

XXII.

'Twas Selim spake — his father now
Gazed on his face with troubled brow,
And 'twas for him escaped the sigh,
And sprang the tear-drop from his eye;
'Twas hard to part from Selim there,
Where all was woe, and blank despair.

XXIII.

'Tis sad to see proud manhood lie
As weak as helpless infancy!
Not one in all that caravan
With stronger heart their march began,
Than he, whose long drawn, gasping breath
Was wavering 'twixt life and death.

XXIV.

So is it often here below,
The strongest are the first to bow

Beneath the ruthless storms of life ;
The proud man sinks — the gentle wife
Uprises 'mid the stormy blast,
And smiles until its rage be past.

XXV.

The father turned his failing eye
Upon his boy — he rais'd on high
His trembling hand, and faintly said,
“Allah protect him when I'm dead!”
Then laid his hand upon his breast,
And sigh'd, “I soon shall be at rest.”

XXVI.

“O! die not thus, my father! no!
I would not have thee perish so!”
Thus spake the boy, then made a sign
To those around; “You know 'tis mine,”
He said, “to promise wealth, 'tis yours
To gain it — now the richest stores

XXVII.

“I'll give to him who brings me first,
A draught to quench this dying thirst;
My noble father must not die;
Who brings me water, thus will buy
The princely wealth I have to give —
Haste then, and bid my father live.”

XXVIII.

But all are silent — there they stand
Like statues, all that turban'd band ;
For who could do his bidding, who ?
When they were nearly dying too ?
They now prepare to travel on,
Ere life's last energy is gone.

XXIX.

“And must I leave my father here ?”
Cried out the boy, in wild despair ;
“It must not be ; he is not dead,
And I will hope till life has fled ;
I'll bear him in my bosom, where
Sweet water gushes, bright and clear.”

XXX.

He said, and rais'd his father's form ;
He found his heart still beating warm ;
The hope of saving him at length
Endued him with a giant's strength ;
And while the patient camel knelt,
Tumultuous joy young Selim felt.

XXXI.

Now onward moves the caravan ;
The movement wakes the dying man ;

The houdah * is a place of rest,
For he reclines on Selim's breast ;
A faint breeze comes, and seems to give
New life, and bid the dying live.

XXXII.

He softly murmurs in his dreams,
Of cooling shades, and flowing streams ;
Perhaps he sees, that dying man,
The fountain in his own divan ;
And while he hears its gurgling sound,
He sees his loved ones all around.

XXXIII.

Dream on — dream on — for never more
Thou'lt pass the threshold of thy door.
Smile not, young Selim ! death is near,
Though Hope is whisp'ring in thine ear !
No — Selim — no — 'tis but the strife
When mortals bid adieu to life.

XXXIV.

The panting beast, with ling'ring tread,
Bears on the dying and the dead ;
For Selim's father breaths no more,
And Selim bows to sorrow's power.
How oft, when hope is prostrate laid,
Oblivion lends her friendly aid !

* "Houdah." A covered or open divan, placed on the back of the camel, and either rudely or luxuriously furnished.

XXXV.

And now the wild Arabian
Watches the weakened caravan ;
He knows when death has done its work
On many a proud and wealthy Turk ;
And there are signs he knows full well,
Which tales of suffering weakness tell ;

XXXVI.

When deep despair has seized on all ;
And every jaded animal
But creeps his weary way along,
And jest, and laugh, and merry song
Are hush'd — and all is silent there,
Save the deep sigh, or mutter'd prayer.

XXXVII.

A palm tree in the desert — ho !
Now see how cheerily they go !
For Hope has lit her sparkling light,
And every sadden'd eye grows bright.
Farewell to every boding fear !
The palm tree marks a streamlet near !

XXXVIII.

The baffled robber wheels around,
And fast his steed flies o'er the ground ;

For men who but an hour before
Were faint and weak, are weak no more !
Who knows what mortals can endure,
When hope leads on, and help is sure ?

XXXIX.

'Tis reach'd at length — the blessed spot !
But son and father heed it not.
O'er one oblivion's wing is spread,
And one is numbered with the dead :
And O ! 't would save most bitter pain,
Could Selim never wake again !

XL.

Now, prostrate bending to the wave,
How drink the master and the slave !
And 'tis the most delicious draught
'That ever weary traveler quaff'd !
With blessings on the purling rill,
Each toil-worn pilgrim drinks his fill.

XLI.

But, fainting nature satisfied,
They now repair to Selim's side ;
And there, within the houdah, see
A picture of mortality !
And, struck with sorrow, every one
Bewails the father and the son.

XLII.

But soon they know that Selim lives,
And each some prompt attention gives ;
They bear him to a shaded place,
And bathe his pallid, death-like face ;
And now he heaves a deep drawn sigh,
And gazes round with languid eye.

XLIII.

“ Young Selim ! there is water near !
O, list thee now, and thou wilt hear
The murm’ring of a blessed stream ;
Cheer up ! it is no fev’rish dream !
See nature’s best restorative !
Poor fainting Selim ! drink and live ! ”

XLIV.

But Selim hears not. On his brow
The damps of death are gath’ring now ;
And, though no sound is plainly heard,
His lips pronounce some cherish’d word ;
For while he goes through death’s lone shade,
His thoughts are with his dark eyed maid.

XLV.

And she, within her splendid home,
Will wonder why he does not come ;

And, wand'ring through the marble halls,
Where many a tear in secret falls,
Will vainly hope from day to day,
While creep the tardy hours away.

XLVI.

And through the shady citron grove,
At morn and eve the maid will rove,
And, gazing on the verdant ground,
Will start at every rust'ling sound,
And, pale with mingled hope and fear,
Will look to see her love appear.

XLVII.

O! lady! Selim will not come —
Thou'lt never bid him "welcome home" —
With sick'ning pangs thou'lt weep apart,
Till hope forsakes thy fresh young heart;
And then, in silent agony,
That heart will break, and breaking, die!

REAL COMFORT.

THERE ! I have lock'd the door
'Gainst every senseless bore !
O ! 'tis a blessing to retire,
And, drawing near my cheerful fire,
To feel I am alone —
Responsible to none —
My cares behind me thrown —
Hence ! vanish every one !
Now for a cozy time with my sweet Muse !
Come, lady, wake ! this is no time to snooze ;
When we 're alone we 've not an hour to lose,
We cannot always thus ourselves amuse.

I 've laid my trappings by ;
For now no envious eye
Looks on, my dress to criticise,
With strictures aye more nice than wise.
Clad in a flowing gown,
My hair I 've taken down,
And, o'er my shoulders thrown,
It seeks my loosen'd zone ;

Thus, free from all undue restraint, we sit,
 My darling Muse and I, to try our wit,
 While, author-like, our learned brows we knit,
 And coax our brains bright sparkles to emit.

'Tis true, the silent night
 Has darken'd round us quite ;
 But 'tis the time we love the best,
 When earthly things are all at rest,
 And sweet the hours glide
 Down time's fast flowing tide,
 Nor daylight's pomp, nor pride,
 Invades our fireside ;
 And should, perchance, my fickle Muse be shy,
 And choose to tarry in her native sky,
 Why, even then, I 'll not to others fly ;
 I think myself the best of company.

But come, consenting Muse !
 We 'll now a subject choose
 From things below, or things above ;
 I have it then, it shall be — LOVE !
 Which has its home, you know,
 In earth and heaven too ;
 So, with no more ado,
 I 'll sing of love to you :—

SONG.

Love is a tyrant, with a silken chain —
 What ! pouting, Miss ? you toss your head in
 vain ;

You know full well I've chosen to complain,
Love serves me many a trick — Let's try again.

But not of Love I'll sing,
Who's ever at the wing,
And will not stay a moment more
Than he's crossed it, and headed o'er;
I'll choose some sadder theme,
Commanding more esteem:
Come, come, how did you seem!
Down, up, you surely dream!
I've told it my friends, and they being wise;
Come, help me now, sweet! How, for pity's sake;
You know I can't a single couplet make
Worth any thing, till you my genius wake.

What! art thou then leaving still?
Come now, I'll take a ill.
It, at my need, you serve me so;
Oh surely you don't want to go!
Fare ye your very wing,
I'm hark'ning for the thing!
Forget the great thing,
And hear me while I sing: —

Have Poetry! drive ignorance / or no clock,
For thou wilt share with other charms have fled,
Oh can you smile, and show your lovely head;
Well, bid me, then! make friends; I'll go to bed.

Calcutta, February 8, 1861.

SONG.

O! that I could ever live
Where the ocean waves do play,
And make delightful harmony,
Both night and day!

How they thrill upon the heart,
Murmurs of the restless wave,
When rolling waters gracefully
The fair beach lave!

In the stillness of the night,
How I love to hear the sound,
It seems to hush the unquiet eares
To sleep profound!

When the storm is rising on,
When the startled waves run high,
Even then it seems to me
All melody!

So, 't will please me well to live
Where the ocean waves do play,
And make delightful harmony,
Both night and day!

FEBRUARY 26, 1841.

SONG.

O! HAPPY days of childhood!
Ye have left me all too soon,
When I wandered in the wildwood,
And sang sweet "Bonnie Doon."

When merry voices ringing,
In the tones of childish glee,
Told that no sad cares were clinging
To my young friends or me.

Oft in the woodland hiding,
How we ran from tree to tree,
Or on young pine saplings riding,
We laughed in ecstasy!

Or in the waters wading,
On the smooth and sea-girt shore,
While the western sun was fading,
We frolick'd more and more.

O! happy days of childhood!
Ye will never more return;
For the waters and the wildwood,
In vain, in vain I yearn.

CHARLESTON, *February* 26, 1841.

TO MRS. WILLIAM H——.

Written after receiving from her a beautiful bunch of flowers.

I do thank thee, lovely lady,
For these bright and fragrant flowers ;
O! how sweetly such mementos
Lend their charms to lonely hours !

Here are roses, freshly blooming,
Free from blight, and free from stain ;
Time will mar their brilliant beauty,
But their fragrance will remain.

So, when time shall part us, lady,
Though I view thy charms no more,
Think not mem'ry will forsake me,
Nor thy smiles to me restore.

When my roses all have faded,
When life's flowers are pale and dead,
When my spring has changed to winter,
When its frosts are on my head ;

Like an evergreen shall flourish
All my memory of thee,
Or like roses, freshly blooming ;
Shall these hours return to me.

Love me, lady, gentle lady,
All unworthy though I be ;
'T will be sweet to think hereafter
I was once beloved by THEE.

McPHERSONVILLE, *April* 22, 1841.

THE DREAM OF THE SICK.

But for me, O thou picture-land of sleep !
Thou art all one world of affections deep.

MRS. HEMANS.

IN the dim twilight of my darkened room,
When worn and wasted by long suffering,
I lay, and thought upon the past. No bloom
To my wan face could even mem'ry bring ;
For fever's fiery thirst had drunk my blood,
And stolen from my cheek the vital flood.

A breath of air — a zephyr from the west,
Came stealing through the latticed window frame ;
To me, as comes a dear expected guest,
One long beloved and waited for, it came ;
It bore a message to my fainting heart,
And caused sweet tears through my closed eyes to
start.

It told my heart that love was ling'ring still
Around the places where I once did dwell ;

In every grove — near every bubbling rill —
On every mound — in every peaceful dell —
The guardian spirit of the place was love ;
I left it there, nor will it thence remove.

Well, as I said, it came ; the zephyr's breath
Came to my pillow from the far off west ;
'Twas a long journey through a world of death,
But, till it reach'd me, would it take no rest,
That messenger of love ; — all spent it came ;
A dying zephyr to a dying frame.

I felt the faint breeze wand'ring o'er my cheek,
Then sank to sleep ; and as I slept, I dream'd ;
And in that blessed dream I felt not weak
And dying ; no ! with youthful step I seem'd
O'er well remembered scenes again to roam,
Once more a tenant of my western home.

O ! there I wandered as in days of yore,
And back to life came dear departed ones ;
I saw them as I 've seen them oft before,
My own, my best beloved ! and setting suns
Threw their mild dying light on many a scene,
Where, in my dream, we roved through forests
green.

How long I slept I know not. Long, long hours
I seem'd communing with the joyous past ;
Sometimes I saw the brilliant summer flowers,
And sometimes heard the moaning winter blast.
Dreams are not bounded by the lapse of time,
Nor chain'd to place, mind in its flight sublime.

In peaceful paths we wander'd hand in hand,
We three, whose hearts had "melted into one ;"
On flowery hills inhaled the breezes bland,
And silent watched the slow descending sun ;
While, every moment, grew more soft, more faint,
The rosy hue that sunset loves to paint.

I woke. 'Twas but a dream ; but dreams have
power
To cheer the heart when real joys have fled ;
And, while I thought of many a by-gone hour,
I to my throbbing heart this promise made :
"If e'er in distant lands again I roam,
I'll speed me to that zephyr's western home."

CHARLESTON, *May* 20, 1841.

THE END.

